



THE

# Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 15 Nov. 1961



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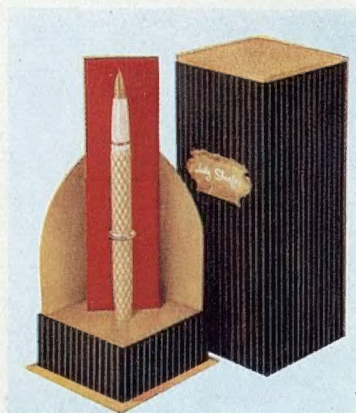
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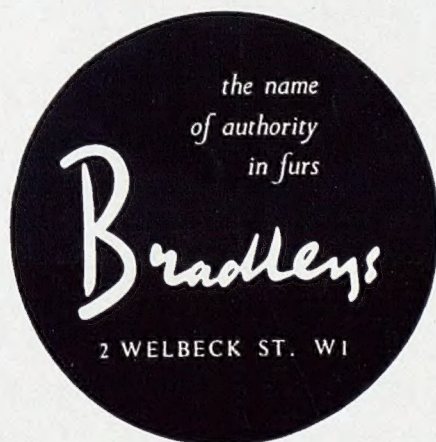
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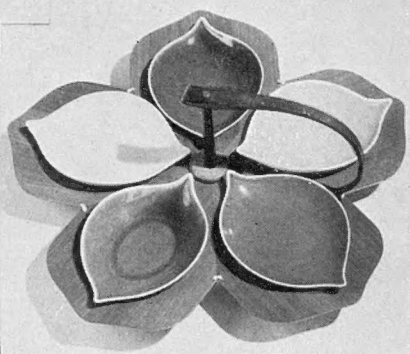
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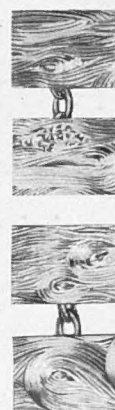
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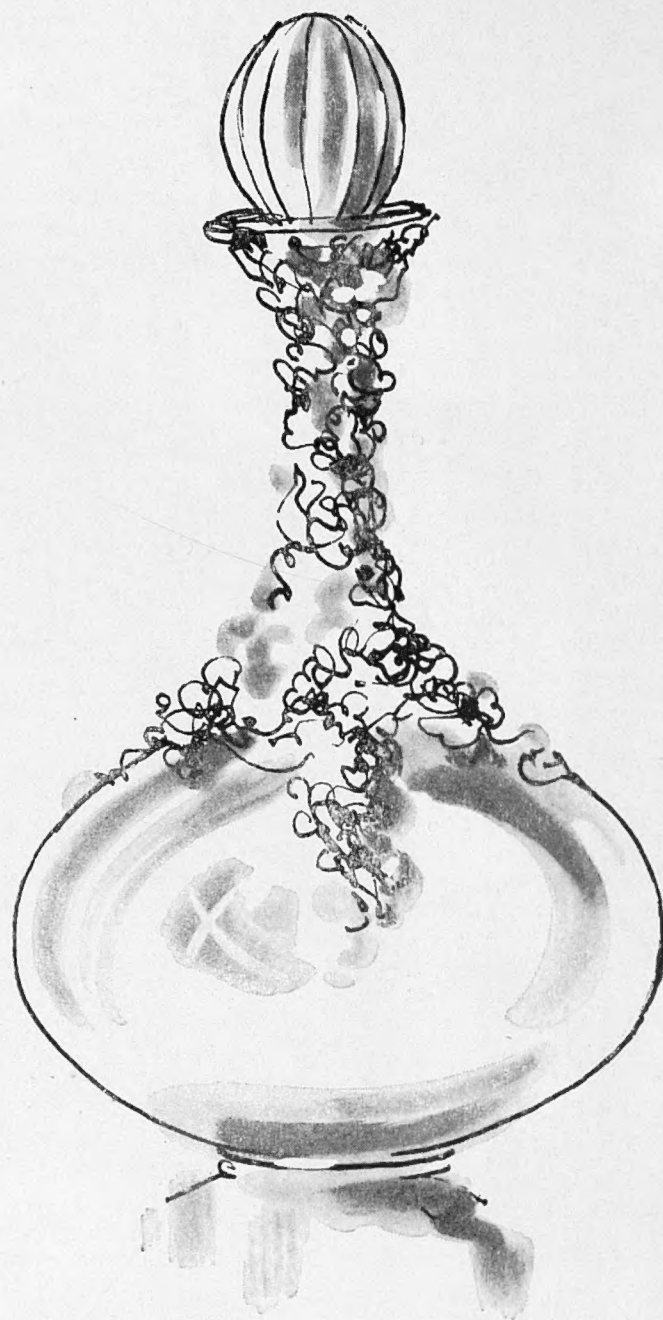
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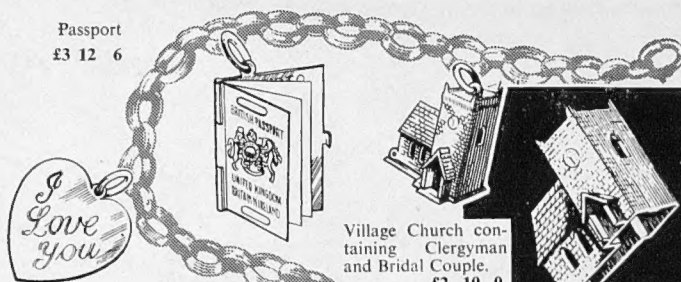
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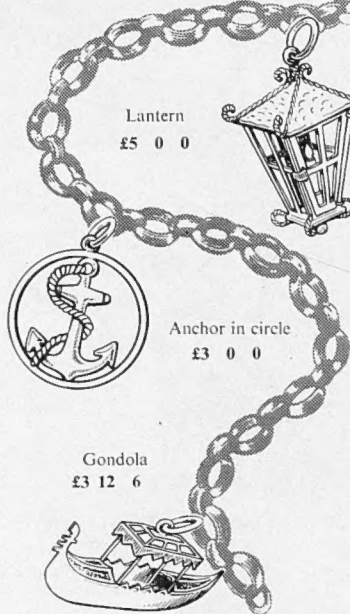
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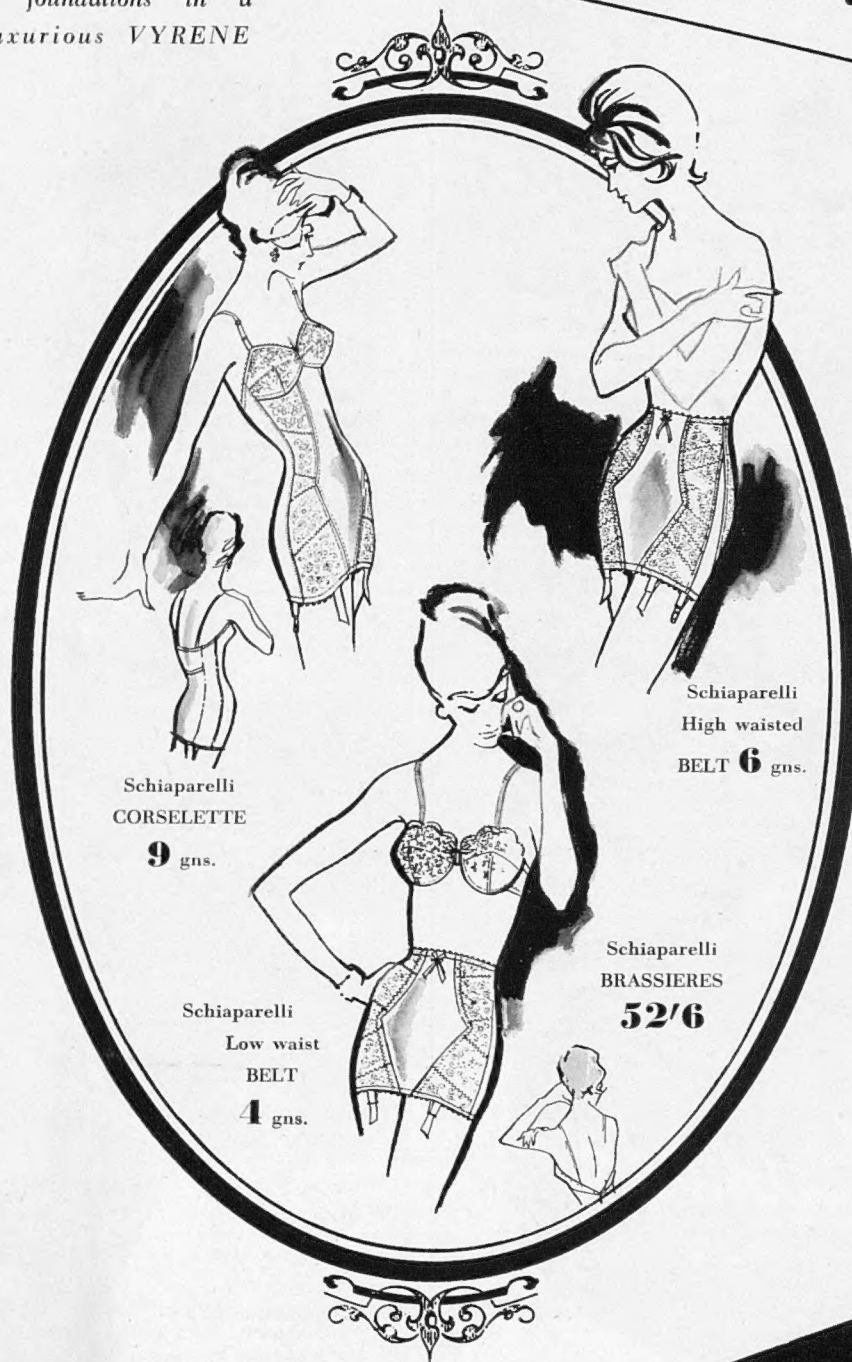




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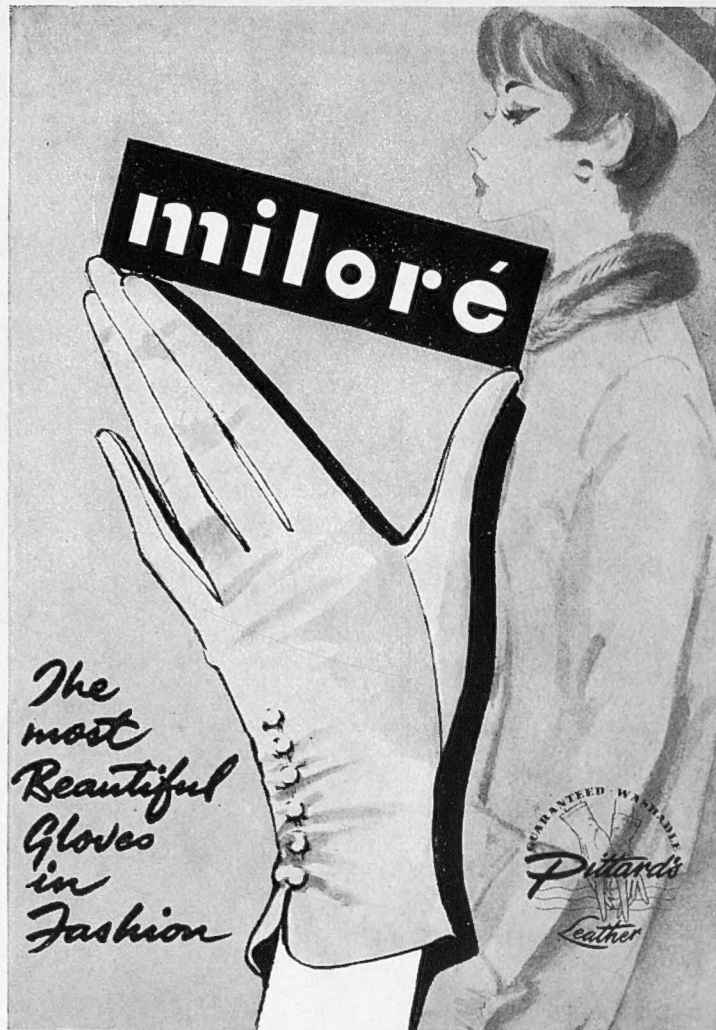
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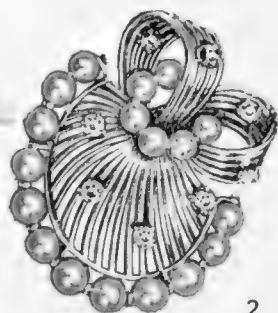
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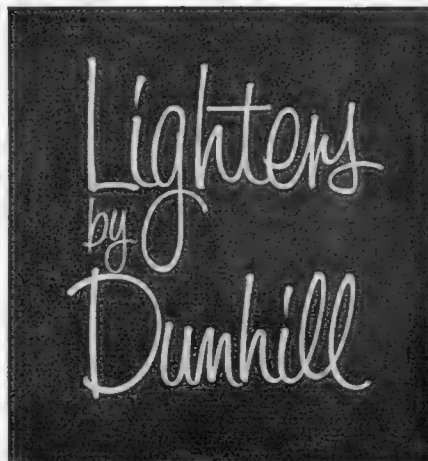
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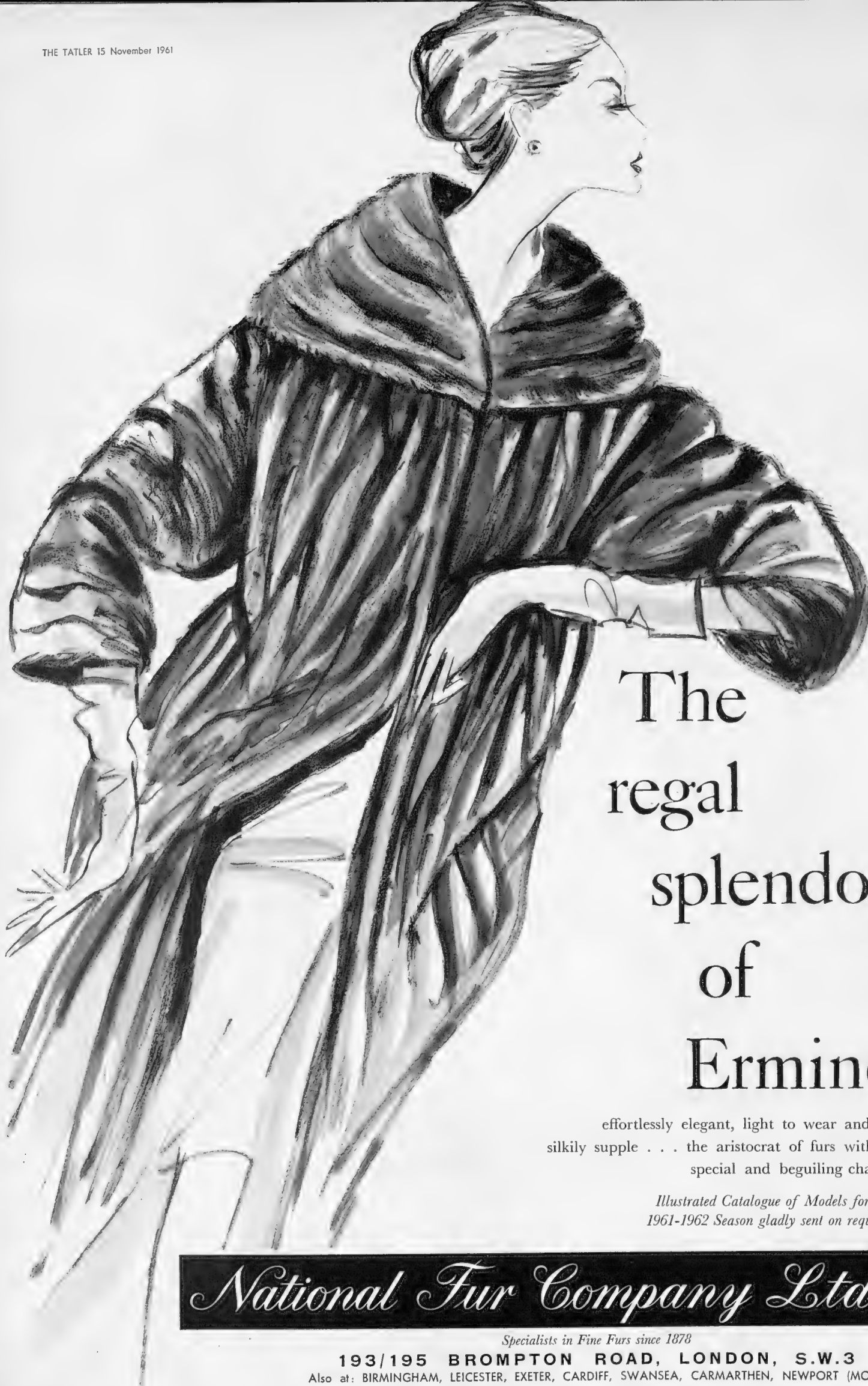
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# THE Tatler

AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

15 NOVEMBER 1961

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*Picassos, Cézannes, the Goya*  
Wellington, vanish with a regularity that would be monotonous but for the publicity attendant on their disappearances. But to achieve the headlines it's necessary to think big—like the fashion section on page 484 which this week presents a whole batch of clothes worth stealing. Start with the hat on the cover. It's by Peter Shepherd at Woollands in royal blue velour trimmed with a matching blue flower and with coarse black veiling. Baroque pearl necklace costs £11 15s. Picture by Barry Warner

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Royal Motor Yacht Club** dinner-dance, Savoy, 16 November.

**British Schools Exploring Society** dinner-dance, the Dorchester, 16 November.

**Downhill Only Club** dinner-dance, 17 November.

**Windsor & Eton Choral Society Concert**, Eton College, 17 November.

**Avon Vale Hunt Ball**, Spye Park, Chippenham, Wilts, 17 November.

**Claro Beagles Ball**, Granby Hotel, Harrogate, 17 November.

**Prince Philip** will attend the premiere of *Judgment At Nuremberg*, Leicester Sq. Theatre, 18 November, in aid of the Variety Club of Great Britain. (Tickets: 10 gns., 5 gns., 2 gns., 1 gn. & 10s. 6d.)

**Woldingham School Choir Concert**, Royal Festival Hall, 19 November. (Tickets from R.F.H., or reserved from Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton Park.)

**Anglo-Brazilian Society** dinner-dance, the Savoy, 20 November. (Mrs. Fortescue Whittle, GRO 2443.)

**Red Cross Ball**, the Dorchester, 21 November. (Tickets: £2 17s. 6d., inc. dinner, from the Secretary, Ball Committee, 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. BEL 6833.)

**Maple Leaf Ball**, the Dorchester,

22 November. (Tickets: £2 10s., from the Hon. Sec., Canadian Women's Club, 55 Sloane St., S.W.1. BEL 1080.)

**American Society in London** Thanksgiving Day dinner, the Dorchester, 23 November.

**Hunt Balls**: Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt, Cefn Park, near Wrexham; V.W.H. (Cricklade), R.A.F. Officers' Mess, South Cerney; Hambledon, Guildhall, Winchester (tickets: £2, inc. buffet supper, from the Hon. Mrs. A. J. Younger, Graylings, Twyford, Hants; Twyford 2000); South Oxfordshire, Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames (tickets: £2 2s., inc. buffet supper, from Mrs. A. Mann, Romeyne Court, Gt. Milton, Oxon); Brighton & Storrington Foot Beagles, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. All 24 November.

**Anglo-Spanish Ball**, the Dorchester, 27 November (tickets: £3 3s., from the Chairman, 29 Albert Hall Mans., S.W.7).

**Flying Angel Fair**, Londonderry House, 16 November; **Swedish Christmas Fair** (to be opened by the Queen of Sweden), Swedish Hall, Harcourt St., Marylebone Rd., 17 November; **Christmas Cracker Bazaar**, Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of National Association of Youth Clubs, 28, 29 November.

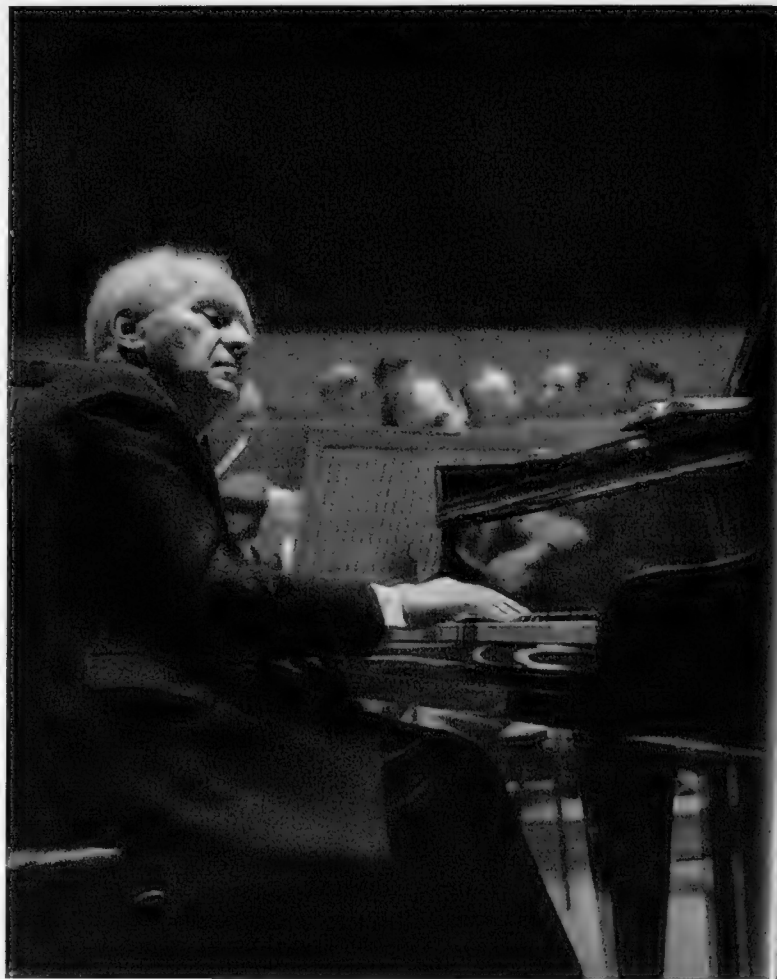
## RACE MEETINGS

**Worcester**, today; Uttoxeter, Wincanton, 16; Sandown Park, 17, 18; Newcastle, Stratford-on-Avon, 18; Plumpton, 20; Wolverhampton, 20, 21; Haydock Park, Kempton Park, 22, 23 November.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Fidelio*, 15, 18 November; *The Silent Woman* (R. Strauss), 20, 22 November. 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Antigone*, *Symphonic Variations*, *The Firebird*, tonight; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 17 November; *Ondine*,



Gerti Deutsch

21 November. 7.30 p.m. *Giselle*, 18 November, 2.15 p.m.

**Royal Festival Hall**. Dave Brubeck Quartet, 6 & 8.45 p.m., 18 November; St. Cecilia Concert, in the presence of the Queen Mother, 8 p.m., 21 November. (WAT 3191.)

## ART

**Epstein Memorial Exhibition**, Tate Gallery, to 17 December.

**Sir Thomas Lawrence**, paintings & drawings. Royal Academy, to 31 December. (See Galleries, page 497.)

## FIRST NIGHT

**Old Vic**. *Mourning Becomes Electra*, 21 November.

*Wilhelm Backhaus, the 77-year-old pianist, makes two appearances at the Royal Festival Hall next week. He will play a Beethoven piano concerto at each concert; Otto Klemperer conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra*

## GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

*Right: Stefan Knapp skis across his abstract mural—the largest in the world, 300 feet long by 40 feet wide. It weighs 24 tons and is destined for America. Knapp, a wartime fighter pilot, found the glass cracked if he walked on it*

Photograph: Derek Bayes

## BRIGGS by Graham











*Douglas Sutherland*

### *Hits and misses*

DOING THE ROUNDS OF LONDON'S NIGHT LIFE WEEK IN AND WEEK OUT tends to establish one's belief in that old and patently untrue adage about *plus ça change*. It is probably a good thing therefore to stand back occasionally and take a rather broader look at the situation. Are, in fact, the amenities offered to the visitor as good as they should be and, if not, are things changing for the better? The answer to the first question is, of course, that there is always room for improvement. I can think of no capital city in the world that does not leave itself open to criticism in one way or another. Personally I cannot stand the policemen in New York, the night clubs in Brussels and the men who pester you to clean your shoes in Tangier. Everybody has his own likes and dislikes, and all a city which sets out to attract tourists can hope to do is to please most of the people most of the time. London, I think, goes a long way towards achieving this. While there are quite a few aspects of late night life that drive me up the wall, in many ways London is the most satisfactory capital in the world.

Let us look first of all at prices. I have often been critical in this column about the cost of a night out, and particularly about the prices charged for wines. The fact remains that the price of champagne in a night club in London is still cheaper than in Paris and even a Rockefeller cannot eat out too often in New York unless he has an expense account to charge it to. This year several new late night eating places have opened in London and flourished, simply because the quality is high and the price reasonable. In this category I would instance the **Sir Harry** bar-restaurant in Hertford Street, the **Fifty-Five** in Jermyn Street and the **Thirty-One** in Dover Street. In any of these you get a good meal in pleasant surroundings without doing your pocket grievous harm.

Even in the night club field the tendency is to bring down prices rather than put them up. The highly fashionable **Establishment** which opened

last month has the "house full" notices up most nights, and there are plenty of people around who do not mind what they pay so long as they are in the "right" place. In Paris, a similar situation would mean rocketing prices, but I see no evidence of the Establishment moving away from their announced policy of providing good food and entertainment at reasonable prices. Last month Hélène Cordet's plushy establishment in Park Lane made its own gesture towards keeping down the cost of living it up, by opening **The Saddle Room** in the next door premises and competing for a share of the younger set's business which has hitherto been the exclusive prerogative of the King's Road coffee bars and the nearer home night spots like the **Rascasse** and the **Pheasantry**. Another highly desirable development in the West End is the advent of the theatre-restaurant of which **The Talk of the Town** is such an admirable example. Here the aim is to provide a complete night out with a first-class floor show, dinner and dancing, for an inclusive price. And the price they manage to do it at is below anything I have met in Europe.

Of course there are plenty of brickbats to throw as well as bouquets. I think, for instance, that far too many clubs in London have no real excuse for their existence. A club to my mind is essentially a place which sets out to provide special facilities for a particular section of people, even if the facilities only amount to providing a place where people of similar tastes and interests can meet. Scores of clubs in London seem to be clubs only to levy a membership subscription, and to all intents and purposes they might just as well be open to the general public. Of course this is partly the fault of the licensing laws which make it easy to open a club and nearly impossible to get a licence to sell liquor to the general public. Then, too, there are several places in London guilty of glaring examples of overcharging. Fortunately the public are becoming more discerning than they were, and the tendency is for the overchargers to find it harder and harder to pull in the customers. Again I think we could go a lot further than we do to try and standardize prices.

Writing a few weeks back about the disparity in sherry prices has produced numerous letters from readers agreeing with me. I wonder if perhaps the sherry shippers might not take it upon themselves to try and do something about it.

is *Poulet vin jaune et morilles*, that is chicken cooked in Jura wine with the local mushroom *morilles*, and cream. It is splendid. The other is *Paella Valenciana*, at 35s. for two people. He suggests an Arbois Jaune white wine at 36s. or an Arbois St. Just at 24s. to match the *poulet*, and a Rioja Spanish Chablis at 12s. 6d. per bottle for the *Paella*. *W.B.*

### **Wine note**

It was entirely fitting that the partners of Evans, Marshall & Co. should hold their party in their Idol Lane cellars in United Nations Week, for it was very much a U.N. occasion. The principal guests were Senor Arturo Suque Anguera from Spain, M. Hervé de Jarnac from Cognac, M. Henri Mahler-Besse from Bordeaux, Count Pierluigi Branca di Romanico and Dr. Lamberto Vallarino-Gancia from Italy, Senhor Ruy de Brito e Cunha from Portugal and Mr. Noel Cossart from Madeira. If all international meetings were as happy as this one, megatons would never be in the news.

I made a particular note of a Portuguese wine, Lagosta Branco—Real Vinicola, and a fine red Italian Barolo-Mirafiore. There was also a pleasant dry Bordeaux, La Perle Blanche. A new experience was coffee with a dash of Fernet-Branca.

### **A black for coffee**

I am assured by the trade that Britain buys large quantities of high quality coffee beans. Why, then, is the coffee so astonishingly nasty in the great majority of hotels and restaurants? In writing reports I make a particular point of mentioning where the coffee is good. This does not happen often. When I say nothing, it is safe to assume that it ranges from indifferent to undrinkable. I wish the Catering & Hotel Institute would devote itself to this matter.



*John Baker White*

### *New customers welcome*

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Coq d'Or**, Stratton Street, Piccadilly. (MAY 7807.) The number of London restaurants that have maintained consistently high standards over a long period is comparatively few. This is one of them and its list of regular customers must cover many countries. Moreover, charm and personal attention is not, as in some restaurants, reserved for them only; wisely the new customer is looked after just as well. It is pretty expensive, for your meal, without wine, will cost you about £2 per head, but you will not feel that you have made a bad investment. The wine list is outstanding, and it includes some sound wines at quite reasonable prices if you cannot afford the rare vintages. *W.B.*

**Trattoria dei Pescatori**, 57 Charlotte Street. (LAN 3289.) C.S. I liked this Italian fish restaurant as soon as I set foot in it and a finely decorated *langouste* caught my eye. I liked it better still after I had eaten some smoked eel and an excellent *Lobster Pescatori* for 9s. 6d. Service is cheerful and swift, the wine list short but well chosen for the menu. Almost full marks for the coffee: it could have been a little hotter. You can do yourself jolly well, with a glass of wine, for about 15s. *W.B.*

**De Vere Hotel Restaurant**, De Vere Gardens, Kensington. (KNI 0051.) Here Mr. Robert Lush has introduced two speciality dishes. One, at 25s.,





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Doone Beal

## Where the remote Bahamas ride

WE CAME IN TO LAND THROUGH A SUNSET THAT LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE a peach melba, whipped cream, raspberry syrup and all. Even in the near dusk, you could see to the bottom of the ocean bed which, from a height, seemed to have a lot more gradient than the land. Nassau is flat. As flat as Coward's proverbial Norfolk, and in some parts flatter still where it sinks below sea level to form a series of lagoons. Geographically, the Bahamas are part of the flamingo flats of Florida. A mere 50 minutes away by air from Miami, they have the same soft, peachy sand, a better climate and a similar kind of civilization. Prices are quoted in U.S. dollars, and the economy is geared to that of America. As a British visitor, it is pointless to get apoplectic about the prices (among other things, nearly all food has to be flown in to the islands), because those are the facts.

What does astound the visitor to this playground of the western world is the fact that it is almost entirely man-made. Millions—and I mean millions—have been spent on reclaiming land from the sea to make golf courses; on deep-dredging operations to create more yacht basins (though it was the depth of Nassau's harbour that provided its original prosperity and status of capital over an archipelago of much larger islands). Not even its most passionate devotee could claim Nassau to be beautiful as such. Its beauty is its climate (cooler and dryer than the West Indies), its beaches and its ocean, striped by a series of coral reefs into an ever-changing spectrum of violet, aquamarine and emerald. Its other beauty is its tax laws—or lack of them—that have lured there every major bank in the world, and nearly every major customer to match. Cotton Bay Club, in Eleuthera, charges \$800 entrance fee; Lyford Cay—probably the world's most illustrious housing estate—is comparatively modest at £200 entrance and £100 a year subscription for its club. 100-yard ocean-front lots on which to build start at £10,000 apiece. But one has to remember that five years and an undisclosed sum of money went into reclaiming the land from near-swamp, bush and forest that bordered the milky beaches. Elegant little hoses swirl upon every green and fairway of its now superb golf course, and the authorities are understandably fussy about the type of shoes which are allowed to tread its turf. On Andros Island, the originally pretty Light House Club is expanding into a huge hotel and accompanying real estate development to be laced with canals, landscaped with bougainvillea and called—who knows? Little Venice?

On Hog Island, just across the water from Nassau, Huntington Hartford is in process of creating a man-made paradise (granted, first, a magnificent beach) with a club house and hotel decorated with exquisite Czechoslovakian crystal, French plastering and even a few transplanted pillars from somewhere south of Naples. Sunken Italian gardens, with fountains; a possible Greek open-air theatre; a golf course, tennis courts, swimming pools (two); riding stables; groves of orange and grapefruit trees have been planted, and forests full of hibiscus are being carefully tended in little tubs, ready to transplant and complete something that can hardly fail to be beautiful of its kind. To make comparison between what imagination, ingenuity, man and money can create and what nature carelessly grants in the Windward Islands farther south would be not only invidious but irrelevant in the circumstances.

The chief lure of the Bahamas is the Out Islands: Eleuthera, Exuma, Bimini, Abaco, each with its satellite resorts. French Leave, on Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera, has just about the best beach I have ever seen, and I have kept a little envelope full of its sand to prove to myself that I don't exaggerate its colour of pale, platinum pink. It is

owned by actor Craig Kelly, its ambience is theatrical in the pleasantest way; casual, civilized Bohemia, beautifully decorated in the local idiom, and with a Venetian chef lately of Cipriani's. It has a charming boutique and hairdressing shop; its living space is well scattered, its bar convivial, its setting glorious. If you want to do nothing more than swim, fish, ride and laze, this is it.

Having found French Leave, I wanted to pursue other establishments in the same vein, and commended to me were Picaroon Cove Club and Pink Sands Lodge, both on Governor's Island, Eleuthera; and Peace & Plenty in Exuma. Rates at all of these are from \$40 U.S. a day for two, with double room, private bath, breakfast and dinner. Lunch is *à la carte*, or you take a picnic. Inevitably, I regretted not having been able to visit all of these islands. In the Bahamas, as in any archipelago, there is always one place that somebody tells you about the day you are leaving. Often as not, it is the same place that somebody *else* has said wasn't worth while. Fortunately, one can assuage the curiosity to see the Out Islands both easily and cheaply. Bahamas Air Lines run a most efficient little network throughout and the fare for the 15 minute hop to Andros, for example, is less than the taxi fare from Nassau airport into the city: just under \$8 U.S. On Eleuthera alone there are three different small landing strips, and it would be quite practicable to spend a couple of days' island-hopping in search of your own particular Mecca. Of Nassau itself, I hope to write more later. B.O.A.C.'s Boeing flight from London leaves at 11 a.m., and gets you into Nassau, via New York, by six in the evening local time. I never cease to be impressed by the excellence of their cabin service even in economy class, return fare for which is £212 17s.

NASSAU: The old Library Building



Photograph: A. F. Kersting



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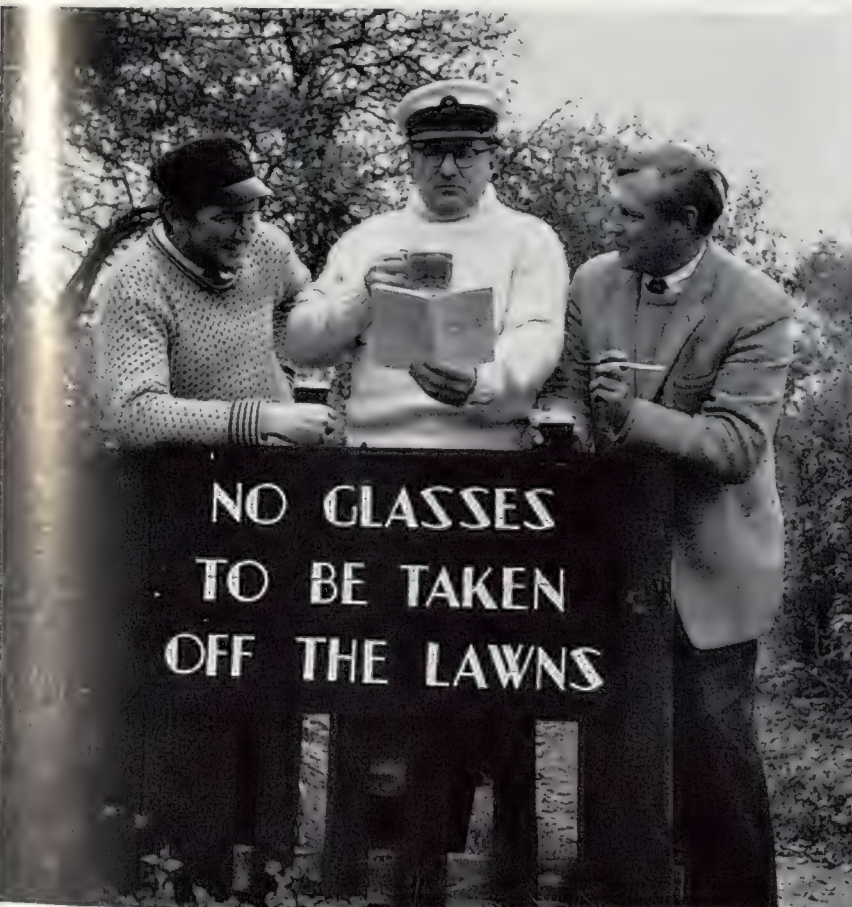
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## Sailsmanship with the Poona

The annual races between the Imperial Poona Yacht Club and the Oxford University Yacht Club have certain special features. For one thing it is quite in order for rival crews to attempt to capsize each other's dinghies—as above—for another the chief qualification for membership of the Poona is never to have been there, and finally the whole thing ends up with a spectacular backward race unique in the annals of yachting. Officials of the Imperial Poona in secret conference, left, near the Perch hostelry at Osney on the Thames, are Mr. Hugh Somerville, Dr. Reginald Bennett, M.P., and Mr. John Chamier. Muriel Bowen describes the outcome of their deliberations overleaf with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



NO GLASSES  
TO BE TAKEN  
OFF THE LAWNS



# Sailsmanship with the Poona CONTINUED

Muriel Bowen reports . . .

NOW THAT THE SAIL BOAT SEEMS TO HAVE SUPPLANTED the horse as the Englishman's best friend the summer isn't really long enough for sailing—nor is the coast of southern England broad enough to contain all the boats. It was no surprise therefore to find the Imperial Poona Yacht Club sailing against the Oxford University Sailing Club one cold wintry afternoon. **Dr. Reggie Bennett**, M.P., Commodore of Imperial Poona, and **Mr. Jeremy Prosser**, Vice-Commodore of Oxford, and their respective forces met at the Perch, near Port Meadow on the Thames. Imperial Poona has an active list of about 25 headed by Prince Philip. All of them are men who have made a name for themselves in competitive sailing and all of them have a passionate belief that sailing should be fun. According to Rule 20 of the club, races "shall be held from time to time in the Cradle of the Backward Races" (Oxford). Boys of all ages who have fallen in love with boats assembled at the Perch either to sail or to watch. There were the Poona people, broad-shouldered with strong-boned faces and a couple of authoritative greying hairs. The Oxford men were tall, wonderfully fit looking, and they all seemed to have those alert, restless eyes that don't easily let opportunity slip. They had come to sail whatever the weather, and there was no negative flag flying from the yardarm of the Perch. There wasn't a whiff of wind, even so five boats—all except **Mr. Mike Ford** the Poona yachtsman's—were over the line at the start. There wasn't a timetable, it all depended on **Mr. Roger Collins** of Corpus Christi. It was he who released the starting "gun" which turned out to be a Roman candle. After all, it *was* Guy Fawkes day.

**Dr. Bennett** (doubtless helped by all the encouragement from the spectators) was quickly in the lead. But a rowdy-looking Oxford boat came up and with remarkable fleetness and dexterity pinched the rudder! It was the end of that particular race for Poona's commodore. As the afternoon wore on the sheer indestructibility of English yachtsmen was manifestly apparent. **Mr. David Prior-Palmer**, son of Sir Otho and a noted Christ Church skier and debater, was in a challenging position in an Oxford boat when he sat on a firework which propelled him into the river. However, he was only momentarily out of the race. **Cdr. S. M. de L. Longsdon** was unlucky not to win two of the races. He lost the first due to being capsized and the second when **Mr. John Raad** (he's reading Greats at Corpus Christi) boarded the boat, dismasted it, then swam back to his own. However, Poona had its own back when **Mr. Noel Dobbs** won the backwards race, although in the excitement of the moment he never got a winning gun. The day ended with a "tiffin" at the Oxford University Sailing Club's new premises at Banbury Road where I met, among others, **Mr. John Chamier**, **Mr. Brian Appleton**, and **Mr. Peter Hunter** (all of whom sailed for Poona), **Mr.**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 468



*Mr. David Prior-Palmer, son of Sir Otho Prior-Palmer M.P., took an unexpected leap from his dinghy after a firework had landed in his trousers . . .*



Photographs:  
Desmond  
O'Neill

*Boats can be paddled if the wind is less than gale-force. Oarsman here, Mr. Peter Andreae, O.U.S.C. member*

*Mr. Noel Dobbs takes the last of the beer*

*Poona "djinn" Cdr. S. M. de L. Longsdon. He looks after the liquor*



## Air pilots' jubilee

*Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton with Lady Fraser of Lonsdale*



*General Thomas D. White, late Chief of Air Staff U.S.A.F., and Lord Fraser of Lonsdale*



*A reception for pilots who qualified before the formation of the Royal Flying Corps in 1912 was held at the Regent's Park home of Lord Fraser of Lonsdale by Air Cdre. and Mrs. G. B. Dacre. Below, the Rt. Hon. Julian Amery, Secretary of State for Air, with the six pilots present. From left, Air Cdre. G. B. Dacre, Group Captain H. A. Williamson, Mr. Amery, Lt.-Col. L'Estrange Malone, (front row) Vice-Admiral R. B. Davies, Maj. H. A. Petre, AVM A. E. Borton*



*... and has them repaired on the spot by Miss Susan Koppel*



Photographs: A. V. Swaabe

## THE COT AT CLARENCE HOUSE



*The Countess of Rosse used French spotted organza and yards of Valenciennes lace for her grandson's cot—the basketwork was made by the Institute for the Blind in Ireland. The subtle forecast of pale blue ribbon trimming the lace and its cream silk taffeta foundation came true with the birth of a baby prince to Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon. Photograph exclusive to The TATLER by A. F. Kersting*



Town wedding in France: Mr. John Sainsbury and Miss Cynthia Balfour were married in Paris at the Church of St. Clotilde. The reception was held at the home of the bride's sister, Comtesse François de Bourbon-Busset. *Right:* the bride and groom leaving the church with Christian d'Harcourt, one of their pages



*Mr. Peter Coats and Lady Balfour*



## Two countries—two brides

Photographs: F. J. Goodman

*Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset, sister of the bride, with Baron de Cabrol, her cousin*



*Bridesmaids Anne-Laure de Bourbon-Busset and Mlle. Joy de Rouvre, both nieces of the bride*



*Mr. & Mrs. Peter Saunders and Miss Olga Deterding*



*Lady Dixon and Comte François de Bourbon-Busset*



*Mrs. Robin Boyd and Mr. Walter Lees*

*Mr. & Mrs. Tatlock Hubbard and Col. C. Heber Percy, the bride's stepfather**Viscount and Viscountess Astor*

Country wedding in England: The Earl of Altamont and Miss Jennifer Cooper (left) were married at St. Mary's, Radnage, Buckinghamshire. The reception was held at Pophleys, the home of the bride's mother

Photographs: A. V. Swaabe



*Mr. Jasper Moore*

*Peter Fairhurst and Mr. Cyril Heber Percy, son and stepson of the bride's mother*



*The Marquess & Marchioness of Sligo, parents of the groom, and Major Derek Cooper and Mrs. Cyril Heber Percy, parents of the bride*



# TRAFALGAR FAIR

From late autumn to Christmas is open season for charity fairs. The Trafalgar, in aid of the British Sailors' Society, comes quite early in the list. Tenth of an annual line, it was held at Londonderry House



*Lady Ogilvy helped run a stall for children's clothes*



*The Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen opened the Fair. With her: Earl Beatty and the Mayoress of Westminster*

MURIEL BOWEN

*continued*

**John Ketherington**, who is doing chemical research at Exeter, and **Mr. Peter Andreae**, who is reading at Trinity. Both of them sailed for Oxford. The club is prospering. Three weeks ago it moved from its rather dingy old basement premises to its present comparatively spacious ones. No lack of supporters; or helpers. A notice board request for a voluntary barman had nine names on it.

## TORIES AT THE CRUSOE BALL

In London a hefty proportion of young social life was shoehorned into the Lancaster Room at the Savoy for the Robinson Crusoe Ball (*pictures on page 471*). This was a benefit for the Erith & Crayford Conservative Association, an ambitious ball organized by the prospective Parliamentary candidate for the division, **Mr. Charles Adeane**. It paid off handsomely too, making a profit of £550. Verbal skirmishes were avoided and the politicians settled down to enjoying themselves. One of them, **Dr. Alan Glyn**, M.P., looked particularly contented. Next day he announced his engagement to the ball chairman, **Lady Rosula Windsor-Clive**. She's not only young and pretty but she has an invaluable asset for a politician's wife: the



*Mrs. Lynne Wilde, Miss Joy Stewart, Miss Mary Mackenzie and Miss Anona Winn at their stall*



*The bar was run by Mrs. Duncan Kirk. The Fair raised nearly £5,000*

man—she speaks very slowly, she's very steady, and she has a way of keeping things on an even keel. Among the dancers: **Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay** and her daughter **Anelli** (she told me that she's been offered five-figure sums both from here and the Continent for her three-day-event horse, *Merely-a-Monarch*), **Dr. & Mrs. Peter Kapff**, **Miss Hilary Morris**, **Mr. Keith** & **Lady Clarissa Egleston**, and **Dr. & Mrs. Roger Kynaston**. Also there were **Mr. & Mrs. Michael Ward Thomas**, **Lady Sarah Jane Hope**, **Mr. Gordon Ayres**, **Mr. & Mrs. Brian Nicholson**, and **Miss Patsy Newbery** who showed a deep insight into human nature in selling the tickets. As far as possible she roped in people who were not active members of the Conservative Party, realizing that a political party ball would be a new experience for them. Therefore—and she was proved right—they would not quibble over a pair of three guinea tickets. There was a chimpanzee in a bamboo cage, a fortune teller, sideshows, hula girls, and **Mr. Patrick Baring**—it was after banking hours—with his trio. In such circumstances it wasn't surprising that **Mr. Paul Bryan**, M.P., the Party Vice-chairman, got to the House of Commons to vote and back again with the loss of only one course. At the tombola stall **Comte Gérard de Guitaut** provided a lei



Miss Cecille and  
Comdr. C. Childers

all the South Sea Islanders had been lured from the tombola stall. There was nobody left to sell the tickets. But then the Tories have always hated Planning.

#### A FAIR & A DINNER

More success, this time at the Trafalgar Fair run by Gwen Lady Melchett and her committee. Last May I remember them on board the Wellington in full swing planning their "Him" and "Her" stalls. For those who have to *give* things to bazaars they could not do better than buy them at the Trafalgar Fair. This is one Christmas Fair where rubbish is conspicuously absent. The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Leathers, Mrs. Norman Reeve, and the Hon. Mrs. Macalpine have no qualms, I'm told, about getting the best out of their friends' bottom drawers. As a result if you're not fussy about little fibs you can really get away with saying that you bought the stuff at H—ds. I was not surprised to hear afterwards that the day's profits were "pushing on for £5,000."

Lancashire hospitality poured over social pastures as lavishly as the rain on London when the Association of Lancastrians in London had their annual dinner and dance at the Dorchester. Lord & Lady Hacking were there, also Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Butler, Mr. & Mrs. Eric Cheadle, Sir Brunel & Lady Cohen, Miss C. Gray Ward, Mr. & Mrs. Eric Bellingham, Mr. &



Countess Beatty



The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, Mrs. Harry Moore  
and Lady Kilmarnock

Mrs. J. H. Spice, and Lord Justice Ormerod. Gracie Fields came to sing a song. Mr. Iain Macleod, the new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, made a speech. They were wondering what ace Mr. Macleod, the former international bridge expert, had up his sleeve. When he put the red rose of Lancashire in his button-hole the boiled shirts fairly puffed out. Mr. Macleod is a Yorkshireman. Each woman guest was given a plastic bag full of what the Lancastrians considered appropriate gifts. They showed a more accurate assessment of my life than I would have liked. The bag contained five pads for the taking of telephone messages when I'm out, three tins of ready-to-serve food, one pencil which is supposed never to wear out, and three packets of liver salts!

Photographs: Tom Hustler

#### ENTENTE WITH TENNIS

Whatever President de Gaulle may do or say, the *entente cordiale* looks as if it will always be safe in the hands of the tennis players. The French, 62-year-old Borotra *et al*, were at Queen's Club last week for the 52nd match between the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain and the International Club of France. In the evening the players exchanged rackets for glasses and went to a cocktail party at the Carlton Tower Hotel at which Lt.-Col. & Mrs. A. R. F. Kingscote received the guests, who included Mr. & Mrs. Basil Reay, Mr. & Mrs. Max Woosnam, and the Marquess & Marchioness of Zetland.



# BIRTHDAY PARTY

*The Iranian Ambassador gave a reception to celebrate the birthday of the Shah*



*Miss Goli Rais, the Ambassador's daughter*



*Lt. Col. G. D. Pybus being received by the Ambassador and Mme. Rais*



*Begum Yousuf and Begum Iskandar Mirza*



*Mrs. John Brodie, Miss Ruth Holdsworth and Lord Bossom*



*The Hon. Mrs. Marten and Mr. Basil Gray.*  
*Right: Guests at the Embassy*



# SOUTH SEA ISLAND BALL

*Desert island décor was a feature of the Robinson Crusoe Ball at the Savoy*



*Mrs. P. Briant and Mr. Paul Bryan, M.P., Conservative Party vice-chairman*



*Mr. John Fairburn and Miss Anne Napier with a raffle prize chihuahua*



*Gorilla reaches for Lady Rosula Windsor-Clive's champagne, watched by Miss Patricia Newbery and Mr. D. Gallovey. The ball was for the Erith & Crayford Conservative Association*



*Lady Sarah Jane Hope, daughter of the Marquess of Linlithgow, and Mr. Jeromy Mackay-Lewis trying their luck at one of the stalls*



*Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay shows the chihuahua, which she bred, to Mr. Vivian Esch and Miss Hannah Maxwell*





CCORDING to an 18th-century guide book, Ampthill is "one of the most genteel towns in Bedfordshire." But the day I came to call on its best known inhabitant its gentility was receiving a jolt. C.I.D. officers and pressmen were everywhere and the local police were all for sweeping us along with them to the Magistrates Court for the preliminary hearing of a murder case.

Just in time we protested that we were there on a genteel mission to Professor Sir Albert Richardson and were directed to the "big red brick Georgian house in Church Street." There was no missing it. In one of its windows and easily readable from across the street, hung a banner proclaiming that:

*"These incongruous lamp posts, which detract from the beauty of this historic town, were erected by the Urban District Council against the advice of the Royal Fine Art Commission."*

The banner is a memento of one of Sir Albert's many brushes with the local authority. But though a nearby lamp standard is concrete evidence of his defeat on that particular issue there is still plenty of fight in this 81-year-old Past President of the Royal Academy who, when asked whether he would have liked to live in the 18th century, replied, "But I do." Avenue House is itself a memorial to his earliest and most enduring victory. He bought it 42 years ago, when the Council wanted it for a town hall and a local businessman was planning to turn it into a row of shops. "They were staggered when they heard it had gone. I've been Public Enemy No. 1 to them ever since."

The house was built in 1793 and enlarged in 1800 and "has not been touched since." It was built for a brewer named Morris who features in Sir Albert's conversation almost as frequently as the mysterious thing he calls his "measuring scale." "Look at that wonderful moulding. Fancy the brewer doing that in a middle-class home," he says. Or, "That's the brewer imitating the Duke at Woburn."

Behind the house is a 12-acre garden that leads, surprisingly, straight into the Bedfordshire countryside. In it is a "temple"

# A GENTEEL MISSION TO Sir Albert

conducted by Robert Wraight  
with photographs by Lewis Morley



Above: In a front window, Sir Albert's protest against the concrete lamp posts that have been put up outside. Below: Rear view of the house



designed by Sir William Chambers in 1769 and an avenue of trees that gives the house its name. "The temple was a wedding present for the Marchioness of Tavistock," Sir Albert explained. "But six months after the marriage the Marquess was killed while hunting with the Redbourne near here and she died of a broken heart, poor dear." House and garden have already been covenanted to the National Trust so that no changes may be made in the external appearance of the existing buildings and no new buildings may be put up on any of the land without the approval of the Trust.

The house has been a continuous source of inspiration to Sir Albert in his work as an architect. "It gave me ideas for mouldings and other things for the Jockey Club at Newmarket and the Royal Pavilion at Ascot. And when Winston asked me to design a monument to bring America into the war, I got my idea from the drawing-room fireplace. I'll show you," he said and, lifting himself with remarkable agility from his deep wing-chair, he began what must surely be the most exhausting—and exhilarating—conducted tour of all the historic houses of England. "This," he said as we went into a small room where every vertical and horizontal surface, excepting only the ceiling, was covered with pictures, books, papers, *objets d'art*, antiques and trinkets, "this was the brewer's library. There are the Addisons and these are all the guidebooks to London since Queen Anne's day. These are Chambers's papers about the founding of the Royal Academy. Some fellow wanted to publish them once but I told him if they were to be published I'd publish 'em." He took a large tome from the bookshelf, talking all the time. Somewhere a grandfather clock chimed. "This is the work Wren used for his copy-book. I measured all his buildings for my 'measuring scale.' See! He took that door for Bow Church. And look, that's the plan for St. Paul's!"

He reached for another tome, opened it at a picture of the old Court Room at the Bank.

"I restored that. Found Baker

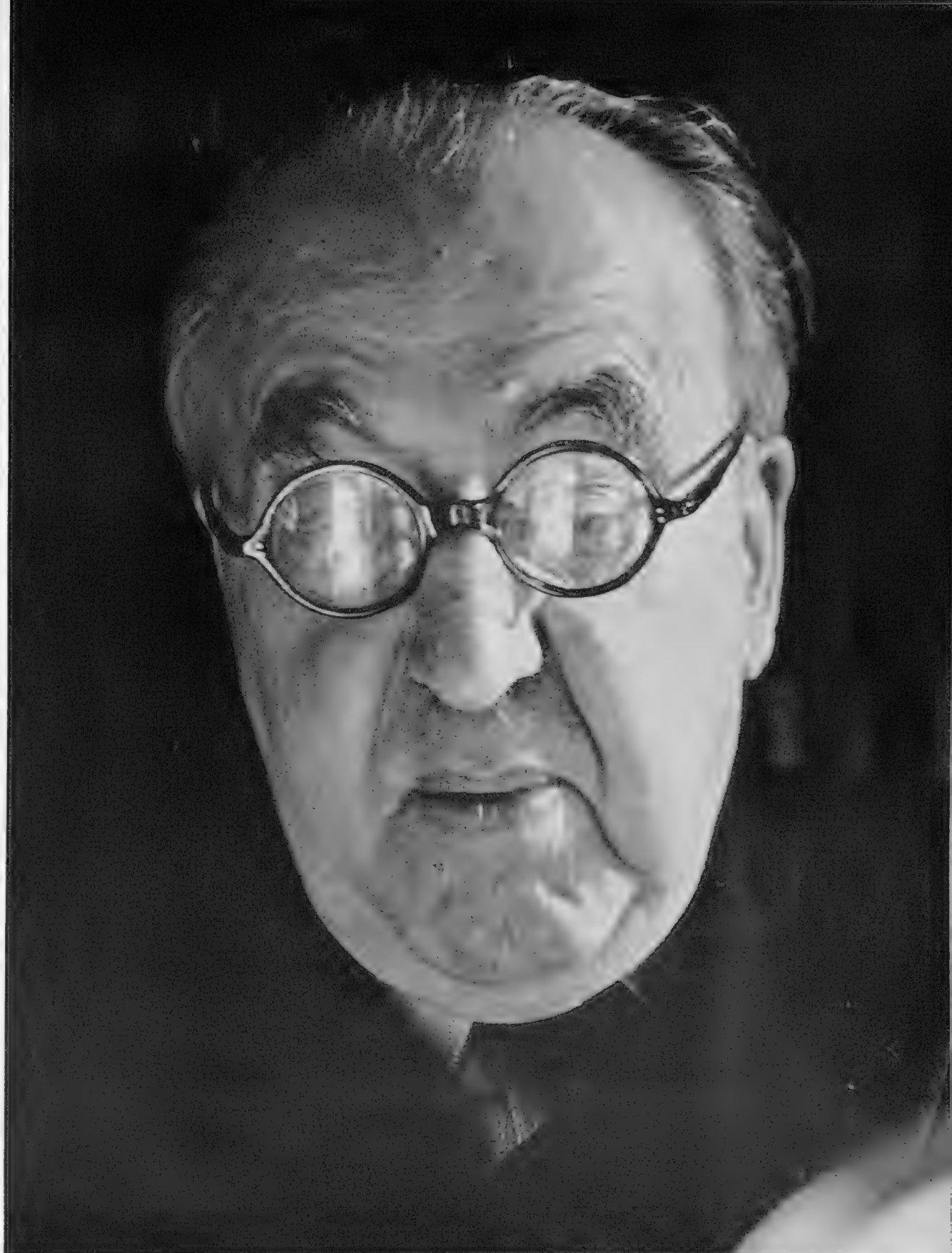
had put that fireplace in the cellar. Pah! Vandals! I told 'em, 'This is going to cost the Old Lady a lot of money.'

"Architecture is an aristocratic art. There are no architects today, only technicians. Sir Winston said to me, 'You're quite right, Sir Albert, it all ended in 1800!'" He paused for a second to search for a key on the mantelpiece and then opened a strong-room door to reveal a hoard of silver. Each piece was presented to me to examine for only a fraction of a second. "These are Queen Anne, they were at Hampton Court. This was designed by Robert Adam. That was the Prince of Wales's wine label. This is very special—the Congress of Vienna Punch Bowl! Oh, and this is very rare, too. You're not a member of White's, are you? These are custard pots, they're all like that at White's. And look at this! Tea-caddies by Gillois! I'm one of the founders of the Georgians. I was a prime mover in the Green Belt, too."

Finally he closed the heavy door and turned the huge key in the lock. "They knew how to make things in those days," he said and led the way into the corridor where sculptures Eastern and Western, ancient but not modern, queued up like housewives on Saturday morning.

The walls were covered up to the ceiling with paintings. He pointed up into a dark corner. "That's a Van Goyen and that's a Claude." He knew the title of everything, the artist's name, when it was painted, whom it had belonged to in the past and where and when he bought it.

We crossed the hall with its great candelabrum complete with candles (there is no electricity at Avenue House and gas in the kitchen only "because the housekeeper wouldn't stay without it") and went into what was probably the brewer's dining-room. A grandfather clock chimed. "That's a Wilson and this is Benjamin West's 'St. James's Park'. See the beautiful clothes—all part of my measuring scale. These were the Duke of Bedford's made by Wedgwood eighteen-o-six. Nolckens put the head on that, it's very old. That's Garrick painted by Zoffany through the keyhole and there's Reynolds's self-portrait



Above: The collector and (left) some collector's items. The table napkins came from Carlton House, were used by the Prince of Wales in 1784. The cast is of Benjamin West's hand, the candlestick is Louis Seize



when he was very young. It's all, all of the great period."

A grandfather clock chimed somewhere. We went upstairs. On the way we met a "familiar"—a cut-out painted figure of an 18th-century servant girl with a real watch in her hand.

"See! We were the best-dressed people ever known. Even the serving classes!" Excitedly he turned the handle of a barrel organ and a sailor's hornpipe came out. "To celebrate the victory," he explained, without explaining which victory.

We pursued him along a corridor—"Chardin, Opie, Girtin, a very early Constable, Lépine, Cundall—it all mixed, see?"—to the drawing-room. "I've got Mrs. Fitzherbert's furniture here. I started the fashion for Regency things. Over 60 years ago. Bought this fine Regency sofa for three pounds." He surveyed the scene like proud Cortez on his peak in Darien. "Queen Mary came to see all this," he said, putting a photograph of that memorable event into my hand.

We picked our way gingerly between the spinning wheel and the painted screen ("by Guardi"), the Duke of Bedford's chiffonier and a Merlin harpsichord—"I've got three of those"—to the windows overlooking the red brick cottages across the street. "Look out there," said Sir Albert ecstatically, "pure Vermeer!" But I had caught sight of what appeared to be the blackened, severed hand of a cadaver lying with some papers and a handsome table napkin upon a small antique table.

"That," he said, "is Benjamin West's hand. And here are the lectures he wrote with it. The table napkins—I hate the word serviette—are from Carlton House. I have the Prince of Wales's carpet, too."

Hypnotized by the sight of that hand I was not entirely with him for the next minute, but I remember that he pointed to the fireplace and said, "Winston said 'Get the Professor, let him do it.' And a million copies of this were printed (he showed me a book about his Westminster Abbey memorial to Fiske, the first U.S. airman to die in the last war) and America came in!" Then he was off again and by the

18th-century device that allows a dog to bark without being able to attack. Right, early 17th-century Italian marble in the grounds, backed by a garden seat designed by Henry Holland, the 18th-century architect



Above: 1840 coach in which Sir Albert & his grandson drive round Ampthill collecting for charity. Left: The main gallery. Hanging from the ceiling is a lamp that belonged to Florence Nightingale



time we caught up with him he was in the small sitting-room, standing on the royal carpet from Carlton House and exclaiming as excitedly as Aladdin in the Magic Cave, "There's Mrs. Fitzherbert by Gainsborough! And look at those—Constable, Wouwerman, Greuze, Hogarth, he painted it in an hour for a bet, and Vernet, an original Vernet! And there! An Egg! And that—a Sweband de Fontaine, the only one in England! Oh, and look at our dear friend Ford Madox Brown under a Teniers. And see those—Rubens, Fisher Prout, Rushbury all together! They blend, don't they? They blend!" He crossed the room. A grandfather clock chimed somewhere.

"This is the Running Faun—a coloured Running Faun is very rare. And this—oh, I could murder those women, they've knocked a bit off. Ah now, this is very special—a Le Marchand bust of George the First. My dear wife found that on a stall in Edinburgh for five pounds." He took a watercolour off the wall. "This is Turner's sketch of the *Victory* at Portsmouth. He did it when he went down to see the Danish Fleet. I picked it up for three pounds ten at the same

time as I found the Gainsborough. No, not that Gainsborough. I'll show you.

"Somebody told me to take my pictures to the National Gallery to have them assessed but I said it's not safe there," he joked. We were in a bedroom with a fine fourposter—"it belonged to one of Nelson's captains. There's Etty," he said. "And that's Dorothy Osborne's chair. This other chair is Charles the Tenth's. My people came from Berwick and I'm a Freeman of Berwick so I know a bit about the North." He patted a third chair affectionately. "English in the French manner. The Queen has the other twelve. She wouldn't take the thirteenth so I have it."

At last we came to the "new Gainsborough," a version of the National Gallery's famous picture of the artist's daughters chasing a butterfly. "Painted in Bath," said Sir Albert. "The Victorian frame fooled everybody, not me."

We went downstairs. Two more clocks chimed. I asked Sir Albert how many clocks he had. "About 50. But only 10 of these," he said as we passed an 18th-century horological giant. Our tour ended in a little back room stacked with his own drawings,

paintings and notebooks and littered with still more trophies of his lifelong hunt for the beautiful and the curious. "A model of Trevithick's beam engine. Reynolds's copybook. The original midshipman from *Dombey & Son*. A fantasy I painted 40 years ago. It's all come true. I prophesied the second World War in that one, too. It all seems like a dream now. You get on in years and it all becomes a dream. . . .

"I wanted to get England on a level keel. I know it's impossible but I still try. . . . I met Frank Lloyd Wright once and told him 'Frankly I don't think you're right.' But there's still my measuring scale. It's become a magic wand, a divining rod, an influence. We've got to create a new aristocracy of taste—not the masses, you'll never teach them—the cultured people. . . ." By now this extraordinary octogenarian was a little tired. I was completely exhausted. "It's been very exciting having you here," he said closing the front door. Then, as we went down the steps to the street, the door opened again.

"Don't forget to look at the carving over the doorway!" he called after us. "It's by Garrard."



One of the rooms at Avenue House—screen on the right is by Guardi, the furniture once belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was the secret wife of the Prince Regent



Sir Albert's grandson unlocks the door of a temple which was designed by Chambers for the Marquess of Tavistock in 1769. In the summer Sir Albert uses it as an extra office



# THE BIG STEAL

Most people have had the urge to break the eighth commandment at one time or another and often it is only the thought of being found out that stops them. But with the threat of penalty removed some interesting revelations emerge as proved by these forecasts of intent by seven ordinarily blameless Tatler writers



Like the fellow on the cover I'd steal a girl, Picasso's *La Belle Hollandaise*. He painted her in 1905 in Holland and, unable to pay his hotel bill so the story goes, scarpered and left her in the lurch. When I first met her 25 years later she was a £2,000 girl but I wasn't a £2,000 boy. In 1943 I could have had her for £5,000 but I hadn't the necessary, neither had the Tate. So she went for £6,000 to millionaire Harold Rubin who in 1950 offered her to me for £7,000, again no deal. Then in 1959 Major Rubin sent her to Sotheby's and I followed, ready to sell my grandmother if necessary. I and five others started the bidding at £1,000 and two minutes and £54,000 later she was knocked down—to the Queensland Art Gallery. When I get her back I'll give her to the Tate. Sir John Rothenstein must feel as mad about her as I do

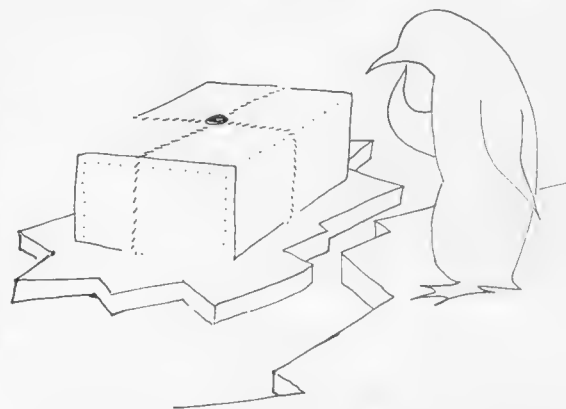
**Robert Wraight**

I would make off with the Virtuosi di Roma so that I could have Vivaldi, Mozart and Bach played to me live whenever I needed it most—such as when I get up, while I am shaving or when I get home in the evening. I would give them plenty of fresh air, exercise, good food and interesting diversions so that they would be too happy to tell anybody where they were. But to make doubly sure I'd slip a discreet notice in all musical journals to the effect that they were no longer available for engagements

**J. Roger Baker**

I may as well be hanged for a Persian lamb as a sheepskin so I'd steal the most fabulous coat in London. It costs 450 guineas and is at John Michaels in Bond Street until I can borrow some gelignite. Lined throughout with Persian lamb it wouldn't be too difficult to conceal because the outside—black mohair and cashmere—is smart but not remarkable. But if I really had to hide it I think I'd seal it in a metal box and attach it limpet mine-style to the hull of a ship going somewhere very cold

**David Morton**



I'd raid my favourite jewellers in Regent Street and come away with a complete set that once belonged to a Russian countess. It comprises a pendant necklace, ear-rings, brooch and bracelets in gold filigree set with pink topaz and tourmalines. The ear-rings and bracelet would go well with my "little black" though I'd take care not to come too close to any Mr. Knowall who might recognize the real thing when he sees it. Meanwhile I have acquired the ideal hiding place—a magnificently bound false book—hollow inside—from Smythson's, Bond Street

**Counter Spy**

I would steal the unique and priceless 16th-century Ardabil carpet now hanging on a wall in the Victoria & Albert Museum. I'd confess at once and disclose its whereabouts on the strict understanding that the carpet be placed in the Sanctuary at Westminster Abbey where its full splendour could be better appreciated than in the present sombre setting

**Albert Adair**



As a motorist the most useful things I could steal would be the credentials of somebody on a foreign embassy staff or an international body affiliated to U.N.O. Immediate benefits would include cancellation of Purchase Tax on my new car and a 10 to 15 per cent discount off the list price. Immunity too in large measure from speed limits, parking restrictions and most of the other motoring regulations that make the ordinary taxpayer's life miserable. And I'd never be found out unless I did something specially tactless because every week seems to bring its new quota of super beings enjoying these extra-territorial privileges

**Gordon Wilkins**

I'd steal a bottle, of course—or better, a magnum—of 1870 Château Lafite from any member of the trade still known to have some. They've been rhapsodizing about it as "almost too young to drink yet" and are obviously set on letting it make its century. I should entrust it to the cellar of a wine merchant invited to share it in 1970 with two other friends. But if a war broke out before then we should all rush down and drink it on the spot

**Pamela Vandyke Price**



# EVERYBODY'S Singing

by J. Roger Baker

photographs: Alec Murray



WHEN A SHIP IS SINKING, THE PROPER THING FOR the passengers to do is to burst into song. People also sing at cup finals—*Abide With Me*, I understand, being top choice in both cases. Perhaps this country is going through some similar emotional upheaval at the moment, for, though traditionally the most unmusical of countries, England has, in mid-20th century, become devoted to singing. A 15-year-old can top TV's top variety show singing (rather badly) of emotions she can hardly have decently

experienced yet; it is impossible to get seats at either London opera house on the day of the performance; musicals open (and close) in the West End with the frequency of wet Mondays; a steel firm advertises itself with the warning: "We don't sing," implying that singing is the only method of attracting attention these days. And, listening around, one begins to wonder.

To get historical, the popular song in this country began just over 100 years ago with the boom in music halls, when the working class

*Adele Leigh, delightful in Mozart or Richard Rodgers, here as Octavian in Der Rosenkavalier at Covent Garden. This she followed with cabaret, and last year joined Frankie Vaughan for a summer season at Brighton*



Adam Faith, top of the pops and likely to remain there; his diffident, almost sullen style brings out the maternal instinct in unlikely places. Film parts and social engagements have accompanied his rise to success. Rock 'n' roll boys are a vanishing breed, unless, like Marty Wilde they make the legitimate stage



found the stresses of life transmuted into the rather glamorous sobs and chuckles of song. Purists claim that the halls began to die with the turn of the century, but Marie Lloyd was still to emerge. Later came the general levelling of war (when marching and nostalgic tunes had the same message for mistress and servant). The radio, the gramophone and the talkies were to give singing its greatest boost.

The vast range of recorded song flooding the market, and I suppose, snapped up by song-crazed spenders, includes music hall songs, Welsh miners' choirs, public house sessions, Cockney ballads, army songs (*Eskimo Nell*, no less), vaguely indecent 17th-century rounds, folk songs from practically everywhere, and, fascinating to speculate about, *Songs for a smoke filled room*.

It has been said that Caruso made the gramophone and that the gramophone made Caruso.

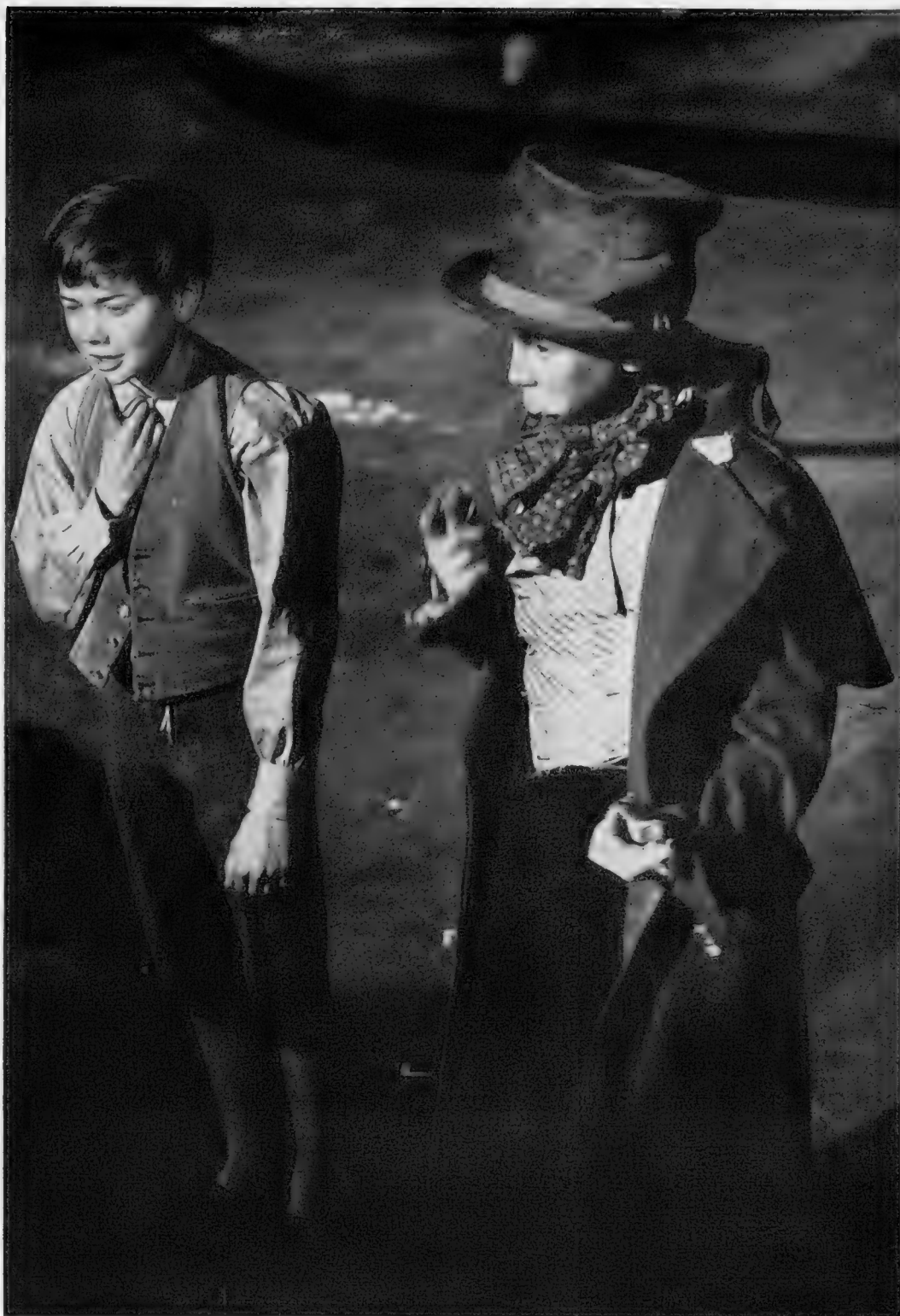
He certainly broke the barrier of prejudice against recording, and today his performances are available again, cleaned and transferred to long-play, along with the voices of other luminaries from what is called (with little reason, as I see it) the Golden Age of singing. Apparently cognoscenti too young to have heard Ponselle, too unsure to accept Sutherland, actually sit comparing the merits of defunct divas, discerning challenging nuances of vocalism behind the bacon-frying noises of a 1910 pressing. Dead opera singers are continually reappearing on disc, many on cheap labels. Not that modern singers are neglected; today any soprano worth her E in altissimo produces a recital record as a reference. Some, like the weasel, go pop and in a moment of abandon make a disc of Cole Porter tunes; this can be delightful, but heaven preserve us from *Sutherland Sings Lionel Bart*.

Children anticipating. Part of the audience at a Robert Mayer Youth & Music opera performance at Sadler's Wells. Young people are encouraged to attend operas, and the course is not made up of easy works alone; Strauss' intellectual *Ariadne on Naxos* is on the list next month



No doubt flashing personalities like Mme. Maria Callas (whose operatic pioneering is far greater than the gossip columnists would have us believe), and glamorous ones like Adele Leigh, have done much to promote a general interest in opera. But England can now claim the world's leading composer of opera. Benjamin Britten's works are performed all over the world; in some places, *Peter Grimes* is as familiar as *Rigoletto*. Operas that would have spelled box office death recently, are mounted with confidence; it would have taken more than a cunning little vixen to get away with Janacek even five years ago. Enterprising young companies are finding audiences eager to taste unknown works, and this year the Handel Opera Company played to 70 per cent capacity, and there wasn't a *largo* in the repertory. These companies also serve as valuable shop-windows for young artists; the Handel Opera Company

Children participating. Keith Hampshire and Martin Halsey, the original leads in *Oliver*. Three current musicals feature children in the cast. On a higher level, Benjamin Britten ensures there is plenty for youngsters to sing, and they are encouraged by more musical education in schools



introduced Elizabeth Harwood, now making her début with Sadler's Wells; and Elizabeth Vaughan, brought to London by the Welsh National Opera Company, has been engaged for the Royal Opera House.

Marked as this trend is in serious music, in the world of the popular song it is well established. Popular music is international in appeal. The idiosyncratic French of Edith Piaf made the top ten over here; Ella Fitzgerald sang *Mack The Knife* in Berlin; the same tune that emerges from the local juke box will probably be heard played by some esoteric combination in the back-streets of Bangkok. The gramophone and the radio are partly responsible, but mere availability is not the whole story; the general public will not accept something it does not want; not governments, nor shampoos, nor songs.

Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee were the first popular singers to achieve international and

lasting fame. Crosby's style appealed to all ages, inspired hundreds of imitators. In essence, the popular song expresses in a simple, and therefore memorable form, thoughts and emotions of the largely inarticulate millions. The songs Crosby sang had intelligent lyrics, hall-mark of the thirties. Cole Porter, Noël Coward and Lorenz Hart had acute ears for social overtones, while Ira Gershwin (and brother George) contributed literate reflexions on the contemporary scene. "There may be trouble ahead," commented Irving Berlin in 1935, adding memorably, "let's face the music and dance." And when there were "teardrops to share" Vera Lynn sang about white cliffs of Dover and nightingales in Berkeley Square for both the troops abroad and for blitzed London. After the war, reaction; a new generation, a new voice, that of Frank Sinatra.

Slowly he rose to challenge Crosby as number

one, and several intelligent singers, nursed in the traditions of jazz, emerged with popular appeal, among them the matchless Ella Fitzgerald. But of interest to future sociologists will be the impact of the active beat boys with craggy names like Wilde, Fury, Eager, Power. These are the dying sparks of rock 'n' roll vitality, and their success has little to do with vocal talent. Their hair cuts, clothes, manners and opinions are examined and published freely. With their example, bank clerks and garage hands can dream of overnight translation into wealthy idols, knowing that for Messrs. Richard, Steele and Faith such a dream has come true. The cloudburst of rock, some five years ago, caught a ready generation; now only an isolated twitch betrays its presence beneath the homogeneous surface of the music teenagers choose.

It is in the field of light entertainment that the rise to power of the singers is most



telling. Once, the names that topped the bills and drew the crowds were those of comedians. These stars, once admired by the public, are now restricted to the comparative obscurity of sound radio or to compèring TV quiz shows. Singers with sentimental appeal have taken their place; Michael Holliday, Joan Regan, trios of singing sisters. Their records rarely make the top selling charts, but many achieve the ultimate accolade; a television show of their own—half an hour in which to change dresses five times, sing four sweetly pretty ballads and one up-tempo number (to show they're with it, really). Significantly, one or two established comedians have found it politic to tune up their vocal chords. Stanley Holloway, monologues relegated, returned to his original singing act, and Harry Secombe found a brief sortie with Puccini, out-bawling Björling, quite useful. Some actors, too, are finding a new audience by crossing their fingers and taking part in a musical; Paul Scofield, Rex Harrison and Alec Clunes have been successful. Olivier had to sing in *The Entertainer*, though one feels he could take part in *Giselle* if it were absolutely necessary.

All round, the bias towards singing is evident. Three musicals currently playing the West End are about singers; toddlers pick up television jingles quicker than nursery rhymes (in fact that something-or-other sign that means happy motoring is probably more meaningful to junior than any inefficient shepherdess); revival of interest in Brecht has brought back the satiric art of Lotte Lenya to an admiring public; artists like David Kossoff and Paddy Roberts who have been working quietly away for years suddenly emerge—singing. The music halls might be dead, but in public houses the customers sing at the pull of a pump. Collins Music Hall died in fire, but from the walls of the saloon bar, posters of Miss Kate ("Wait till Bill gets hold of 'em") Carney look down on the weekend songsters with sympathetic approval.





*Elizabeth Harwood as Semele. One of this year's brightest operatic discoveries, she is now with Sadler's Wells. Left: Van Johnson as The Music Man, latest in a line of actors adding new dimensions to their talent by appearing in a musical. Far left: Lena Horne, one of the select band of international cabaret artists whose special appeal can capture an audience in Kentucky or Cairo*



Lord Kilbracken

# Thirty days to demolition

FOR THE PAST FIVE MONTHS I'VE BEEN LIVING IN what the house agents are accustomed to describe as a desirable mews cottage with all mod. con. House agents, I suppose, are not always on oath, but desirable, I admit, is just what I have found it. You will not find Polygon Mews (which really is its name) on any of the usual London maps, and even taxi-drivers have seldom heard of it. It runs quietly down the centre of a handsome block of Regency houses, midway between Hyde Park Square and the Edgware Road, and I suppose it once accommodated all the grooms (and their horses) from the grand town houses in the vicinity.

The houses are no longer grand, and grooms no longer exist, and mews have at last achieved their slow metamorphosis to relative U-ness. At Polygon I have my own front door, a rare and valued luxury in a nation of flat-dwellers; I have peace and quiet, though within easy reach of all the chrome-and-bustle of the West End (five minutes in a taxi if I'm lucky); and I have the park on my doorstep, nearly, for sunshiny outings on the Serpentine in summer, and for brisk walks on Sunday mornings—once round the Round Pond, where there are swans to be fed, kites to be flown, ships to be sailed—in autumn and winter.

All the way down Polygon Mews there are geraniums in window-boxes. Sometimes the garages, which began life as stables, have been cleverly converted into modern living-rooms; but at Number One, where I live, an immense black Rolls-Royce, which has nothing (as it happens) to do with me, importantly occupies almost the whole ground floor, and a soulful Scottish chauffeur, peak-capped and taciturn, comes and polishes it each morning. On the first floor, above the Rolls, are three rooms, not counting the kitchen and bathroom, which may perhaps be small, but which have been empirically proved to be capable of accommodating 28 persons at a given moment, so long as they are on terms of sufficient intimacy. And on the roof (which is all else there is, and which can be reached, somewhat perilously, by step-ladder from the living-room) it was possible to sun-bathe, amid the steeply-sloping tiles, in the scorching days of August.

But now the time—the dreaded time—has come when I have got to start house-hunting again. It can be postponed no longer. Of course I have known since I came here that the Polygon days were numbered, but I resolutely turned my thoughts from the known approaching end. I can do so no longer; in fact, it's late already. In one month from today, the bulldozers and demolition squads are scheduled to move in. They will tear down not only the mews, but the whole rectangular block of some 60 Regency houses through the centre of which it runs. And the customary modern phoenix will rise from its ashes next year: a shiny, skyscraping biscuit-box, all glass and concrete.

Ah, progress! progress! Can anyone but the merest aesthete—and who is concerned with aesthetes?—feel anything but sympathy with the owner of this property—they happen to be the Church Commissioners—who will derive so handsome an additional income from this enlightened programme of reconstruction? Nobody, surely—except for us who live here.

So, any day now, in fact tomorrow, or perhaps the day after, I've got to start again the whole beastly business of looking for somewhere to live. There are people, I suppose, who would face this prospect with perfect equanimity—even with excitement. I am not one of them. I know in advance, only too well, exactly what is involved. I will have to start getting again those interminable lists from all the just-forgotten agents; I will find myself stopping in front of those depressing boards in the King's Road and elsewhere, where flats and houses are advertised (among other less orthodox commodities); I will be scanning every morning, at crack of dawn or earlier, the personal column of *The Times*—and, as soon as it reaches the streets, the *Evening Standard's Daily Home Finder*, which is a wondrous euphemism but led me, all the same, to Polygon in June.

I know in advance that 99 out of every 100 such ads. will be obviously and immediately "wrong" for one or more of several good reasons. Every 100th or so will get as far as being noted down as a "possible"—on the back of a cigarette packet, or on the cover of my cheque book. Out of every 100 of these, I will absent-mindedly throw away the empty cigarette packet, with the telephone number on it, an estimated 13 times. On a further 24 occasions, I reckon, I will decide on reflection that it isn't *really* what I'm looking for. On 37, I will be informed on ringing up that the place is already taken (and usually something else, entirely inappropriate, will be suggested instead).

Of the remaining 26, some insuperable drawback will be immediately perceptible, nearly as often as not, as soon as I phone the landlord. This will leave 17 which I will actually visit. Four will be too expensive, three will be perfectly awful, three more will be ideal but will have been taken an hour earlier, and six will have acquisitive (or inquisitive) landladies, or some other equally eliminatory component. It is within the bounds of possibility that *one* will be habitable. One out of 10,000.

I've 30 days to work in, which would mean examining, on average, 333½ advertisements a day. At this I frankly boggle; is there no possible escape? Well, word-of-mouth is always best; if you hear of anything suitable, I hope you'll let me know. (It doesn't *have* to be a Polygon: something more specific, such as a Hexagon, or even a mundane Square, would be perfectly acceptable. Triangles could be complicated.) You have, in any case, my now-temporary address.

# Christmas

Latest table accessories to stimulate dinner party chatter at Christmas. First talking-point, the tablecloth; scarlet Italian cotton (91 inches by 63 inches), has borders of massed fruit. Plus six table napkins, 9 gns. at Woollands. Conversation piece from Pulbrook & Gould, Sloane Street; four-branched silver candelabra bearing in the fourth stem a candle cup (7s. 6d. a pair) with a glittered arrangement of Christmas roses (7s. 6d. each), dried grasses and buds (3s. each) plus fresh mistletoe. Complete arrangement costs £4 14s. 6d. From the same shop come the trails of



# Tabletalk

fresh ivy, 2s. each. Artificial fruit, 12s. 6d. each from the John Cavanagh Boutique; flame-proof tinsel pine branches are 8s. 6d. each (other colours too) from Marshall & Snelgrove. Slender glass candlesticks (16s. 6d. from Libertys) have surrounds of silver and gold balls, cones and leaves, 4 gns. a pair from John Cavanagh Boutique. Also talk about white and silver crackers, 39s. 6d. a box from Harrods, white and gold Coalport china plates (a five-piece setting costs £5 5s. 3d. at Libertys) and the silver and glass goblets from Jensen, Bond Street





# CLOTHES WORTH STEALING

CAMERAMAN on location  
in sight of The National Gallery:  
BARRY WARNER



Priceless pictures are still a craze for thieves. Keen, well-dressed cat burglars, please note: our spies have rounded up the finest fashions worth stealing because though the Goya may be lost forever, Givenchy and other masters still command high bidding.

**STOP PRESS:** Before the word gets around, lift these fashions now for your wardrobe.

For stockists turn to page 491.

## GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS

Pale coat in oatmeal tweed with rouleau collar. Cloche trimmed in ranch mink. Stolen glimpse of coat by Fabiani at Simpson, 42 gns. and hat from Reed Crawford



Little girl suit cut and pleated along Chanel lines in scarlet tartan, worn over steel grey pure silk shirt. Suit 15 gns.; shirt 7½ gns.: Marcel Fenez at Harvey Nichols Little Shop

Party pants. Mandarin tunic with reed slim pants, top and turn-ups lavishly ruffled. Hostess outfit in misty Turner pink 95 gns.; earrings set with amethysts and citrines 30 gns.: both from Galitzine Boutique at Harvey Nichols







#### LIMELIGHT STEALER

What to wear when delivering the goods . . . lean skirted grey tweed suit with pebble fleck, a standaway collar on the jacket. Slot-through belt of the same material, with buttoning at the front.

Making headlines: Fluffy mink beret. Suit from Wallis at Marble Arch 11 gns. Touch of fur from Reed Crawford. Touches of gilt from Woollands.

#### ...ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT.

Accessories that once stolen can retreat to subdued country life. **STILL LIFE:** Voluminous saddle-stitched hide bag, chiffon scarf with three tones of mink, honey and tan; chunky medallion bracelet and pale string gloves with leather palms. Cuban heel mahogany pumps complete the country picture: 6 gns., Charles Jourdan. Satchel 8 gns. and fripperies: Woollands





SMASH & GRAB AFFAIR

Charleston slip of a dress in traffic-stopping red: Carnegie at Fifth Avenue, 6½ gns. Smooth Chinese blue tweed suit (*right*) with graceful, swinging



kirt and ocelot scarf lined in same  
tweed. Suit, 75 gns.; scarf and beret,  
35 gns. together: Bellville Ready-to-  
Wear, Motcomb Street, S.W.1





#### STEALING A MARCH

Notoriously beautiful Infanta dress designed by Christian Dior in cool yellow zibeline. Beads lavishly embroider the top of bodice and jacket. Gold chandelier earrings by Galitzine. BALLGOWN: about 88 gns. at Harrods SPARKLERS: 30 gns. at Harvey Nichols

FARFALLE

NETTO M. 12



P. 484 MARCEL FENEZ tartan suit and silk shirt; McDonalds, Glasgow; Hammonds, Hull

P. 490 CHRISTIAN DIOR yellow zibeline evening dress and jacket; McDonalds, Glasgow; Rackhams, Birmingham

P. 488 CARNEGIE red wool dress; Latters, Glasgow; Taylors, Bournemouth



# YES?

DECADENTS

## PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

**Heartbreak House.** Wyndham's Theatre. (Roger Livesey, Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, Judy Campbell.)

*Whatever's broken, it isn't hearts*

THE OXFORD PLAYHOUSE'S REVIVAL OF **Heartbreak House** AT WYNDHAM'S earns a welcome on its own merits. It is to be welcomed also as a tonic and much-needed demonstration that pessimism can be as exhilarating as any other "ism." Our own most admired melancholiasts are (let us face it) mostly rather dreary dogs. We come away from their plays sadly convinced that the lugubrious comedian of the old music hall was right: "Wot's the good of anyfink? Why, nuffink!" Shaw's lack of faith in man went deep enough to satisfy even a Beckett fan. Civilization, it seemed to him, was heading for the rocks and he despaired of man ever learning navigation in time to avert disaster. As his despair deepened he was all for throwing up the human race and starting afresh. But his despair did not make him angry, nor did it induce in him much compassion for the poor fools who had so badly muffed their chances of building a splendid society. He viewed the whole human situation with comic detachment, observing horrors and predicaments very clearly but feeling them hardly at all, unless they involved cruelty to animals.

This attitude would have made, for pretty arid drama had not the

dramatist been blessed with a flow of intellectual gaiety, high spirits, wit and ideas that seemed inexhaustible when his powers were at their height. These wonderful qualities sometimes mastered and distracted him, with the result that a play packed with exciting dialogue failed to achieve unity of effect.

*Heartbreak House* is a case in point. As a play it suffers from a rick in its back, caused by a violent extension in infancy from one set of social circumstances to another quite different set. Before the 1914 war Shaw had set out to picture in the Chekhovian manner the English upper-class intelligentsia, a society that seemed to him sick and rotten-ripe for extinction. In order to exhibit Nemesis in the form of falling bombs in the most moving last act he ever wrote, he transferred the prewar decadents into a wartime setting. This is a plain falsification, for the decadents did not behave decadently during the war. But perhaps the falsification hardly matters. Shaw had already turned his decadents into eccentrics, vital and restless creatures prepared to discuss everything—romance, marrying for money, living dangerously, old age—in highly civilized terms, and it is quite impossible for us to believe that these people despair either of themselves or their future. They are kept strenuous and effective by the exercise of their powers to give instant and precise expression to any idea that crosses their minds.

So what we get is not a unified Shavian-Chekhovian diagnosis of a sick society, but an intellectual sporting with ideas that can be enjoyed for its own sake. *Heartbreak House*, we are made to see, is a house without foundations. It is also a house without a roof, for the top is blown off everybody's pretensions. The tigers that the romantic liar has shot are false; the industrialist's millions are false; there is nothing really strong and true about the elderly ever-young enchantress but her beautiful black hair, and her sister's is too pretty to be real. Lady Utterword deprecates the reference to her own hair; a good deal of it, she says, is genuine, but, of course, the colour is not natural. The atmosphere of candour maddens the stupid industrialist. He starts taking off his coat, roaring "What shame is there in this house? Let's all strip naked. How are we to have any self-respect if we don't keep it up that we are better than we really are?" But the rest of the denizens of the house do not in the least mind being exposed. They all share the author's intellectual ingenuity and irrepressible gaiety. They can all give good reasons for their pretences.

What unity there is comes from the wise old crackpot, Shotover, one of Shaw's great comic creations, a sea-captain who after a long life of action has ceased to want anything. "That's the only real strength," he asserts. "That's genius"; but because old men are vexed by vain dreams he depends on liberal doses of rum to make him sleep. Mr. Roger Livesey is scarcely eruptive enough as the Captain, but he is still impressive in benign self-containment. Miss Judy Campbell is first-rate as the seductive Hesione; Mr. George Benson makes Boss Mangan at once ludicrous and amiable; Mr. Michael Denison is good fun as the romantic daydreamer; and Miss Perlita Neilson is sympathetic and vivid as the young girl who grows up so incredibly fast in a house where nothing is what it just seems to be.



Douglas Jeffery

*Tussle for a teapot in Heartbreak House, between Capt. Shotover (Roger Livesey) and Nurse Guinness (Joan Young), with Ellie Dunn (Perlita Neilson) watching points*

## FILMS

Elspeth Grant

**Le Clochard.** Director Gilles Grangier. (Jean Gabin, Darry Cowl.)  
**The Hellions.** Director Ken Annakin. (Richard Todd, Lionel Jeffries.)  
**Bachelor in Paradise.** Director Jack Arnold. (Bob Hope, Lana Turner.)  
**Paris Blues.** Director Martin Ritt. (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll.)

*M. Gabin gets out of the cement*

ELEPHANTS, ONE IS TOLD, DELIGHT IN DANCING; HOW WE WOULD ADORE to catch them at it—decorously treading a stately measure with unexpected grace, a dreamy look in their little eyes and an expression of pure pleasure on their vast faces. Alas, it is unlikely that we ever shall, for they are modest animals who do not care to demonstrate their natural terpsichorean skill outside their immediate family circle and

the privacy of their stamping grounds. Sad, is it not? But sigh no more, ladies: you can at least catch M. Jean Gabin dancing in *Le Clochard*—and if you do not find this an enchanting and completely consolatory spectacle, I have done with you. M. Gabin has shed the tight-lipped gravity and stolid rigidity of his performances in recent roles—as doctor, lawyer, detective and gangster he might, one sometimes felt, have been cast in cement—and as a robustly independent old tramp in M. Gilles Grangier's deliciously insouciant film he is both mobile and merry. White-haired and with a frosting of stubble on cheek and jawl, M. Gabin still radiates the powerful masculinity that made him so sex-appealing when he and we were young—but it has mellowed: once he was desirable—now he is lovable, and that is surely a most satisfactory progression.

The old tramp is called Archimedes and, like his ancient Greek namesake, he's a wizard at working things out. His current problem is a domestic one. As a squatter in a half-finished house, he finds his lodgings uncomfortably draughty when the winter winds begin to blow—so he decides to spend the next few inclement months in prison and sets about the job of getting himself arrested. It is surprisingly difficult. He causes an unprecedented disturbance in an exclusive restaurant, he rouses the antagonism of the spectators at a military parade, he brawls with another tramp on the Metro under the noses of *les flics*—but to no avail. Perhaps by returning a stolen dog to its owner and demanding a reward he can get himself pulled in. Not at all; he is merely pressed to join a cocktail party, where he charms the guests with a Charleston and quaffs nearly his fill of champagne.

The dream of jail fades—and when the builders unkindly turf him out of his temporary residence, he feels he has had enough of Paris: he will winter on the Riviera. He is last seen happily dancing, barefoot, on the beach at Cannes—defying authority, boots in hand, and brooking no interference, either, from a well-meaning bystander. This is a great character, this Archimedes—and M. Gabin, one suddenly realizes, is a great comedian. You must see the film.

I don't know whether or not *The Hellions* was intended to be funny, but it struck me as hilariously so. It is a South African variation on the *High Noon* theme—played in the key of burlesque. The turn-of-the-century citizens of a small town in the Transvaal allow themselves to be intimidated by "the Hellions"—a wicked old father (Mr. Lionel Jeffries, hamming with relish) and four scarecrow sons (all slightly "tetched in the haid" I would say, in the Western vernacular). These charmers swagger around the place, swigging whisky by the gallon, leering at the women, shooting-up the peasants and stealing what they choose—until the townsfolk feel their local police sergeant (Mr. Richard Todd) really ought to do something about them. All he does is barricade himself in a bedroom: he's not going to tangle with the ruffians if his fellow-citizens are too scared to give him any support. It's left to the namby-pamby owner of the hardware store (Mr. Jamie Uys, speaking in a dubbed voice of excruciating refeenment) to stir his neighbours to action. They rally round as he tremulously totters towards the rascals, holding a rifle he doesn't even know how to load, and a cry goes up from the local pastor: "There's a squirrel gun in the vestry—fetch it me!" Clearly "the Hellions" have had it. The dialogue cannot possibly be taken seriously—and neither can the violence (it is laid on too thick for that). If you are in the mood for a horse-laugh, this is your movie.

Mr. Bob Hope has the title role in *Bachelor In Paradise*—a film that falls lamentably short of the satire it might have been. The author of best-selling books on the way people live and make love in foreign parts, he is compelled—through some little fuss with the U.S. income tax authorities—to return to America. He rents a house in a brand-new "housing development" called Paradise Village—which affords him an excellent opportunity to study the habits of the average American married couple, since everybody in the community except Miss Lana Turner, his landlady, is gripped in wedlock. Mr. Hope is regarded with grave suspicion by the local husbands: what does he get up to while they are away all day at the inevitable office? Actually, he's merely trying to introduce a little glamour into their lives—by urging the wives to dye their hair, discard their slacks for fetching frocks, cook more enterprisingly and revive the amorous inclinations of their dull spouses

by wearing diaphanous negligées while serving-up dear little meals (with wine) in the seductive atmosphere of a candle-lit bedroom.

The ingrate husbands fail to appreciate the improvements Mr. Hope has instigated—and two of them cite him in their divorce suits. Miss Turner, of course, comes to his rescue—what else is she there for? Mr. Hope delivers his wisecracks with the metallic clang of a briskly operated cash-register and there are pleasing performances from Miss Paula Prentiss and Miss Janice Paige—but there's no *bite* to the film and it leaves one, therefore, somewhat disappointed.

In *Paris Blues*, Messrs. Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier, Paris jazzmen, meet Miss Joanne Woodward and Miss Diahann Carroll (a charming negress) who are on a fortnight's holiday from the States. The couples pair off, make love, and part again. It seemed an awfully long fortnight—with only Mr. Louis Armstrong's welcome and spirited intrusion to break the monotony of the lovers' endless vacillations.



Paul Newman learnt the trombone for *Paris Blues*, in which he stars as a member of a jazz foursome involved in holiday entanglements. His wife, Joanne Woodward, plays opposite him

## BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

- The Cat In The Hat & The Cat In The Hat Comes Back*, by Dr. Seuss (Collins, 8s. 6d. each.)  
*St. George And The Dragon*, by Diana John. (Methuen, 12s. 6d.)  
*The Real Mother Goose*. (Collins, 15s.)  
*The Golden Treasury Of Poetry*, selected by Louis Untermeyer. (Collins, 21s.)  
*February's Road*, by John Verney. (Collins, 10s. 6d.)  
*A Journey To England*, by Edith Unnerstad. (Michael Joseph, 15s.)  
*Heroes Of Our Times*. (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)  
*Mary Plain V.I.P.*, by Gwynned Rae. (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.)  
*The Borrowers Aloft*, by Mary Norton. (Dent, 12s. 6d.)  
*Grey Rabbit & The Circus*, by Alison Uttley. (Collins, 4s.)  
*Tip & Top On The Farm*. (Baneroff & Co., 5s.)  
*Little Bear's Friend*, by Maurice Sendak. (World's Work, 9s. 6d.)

### *Children's choice*

ANY MOMENT NOW IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND A SINGLE PRESENT for the children except perhaps a plastic dustpan and a couple of joke bottle tops. Before this happens, here is a short report on the book situation—some you might even like to buy for yourself, and anyway it's often more agreeable to take cover in a bookshop than to attack the toy bazaars head on. Collins are running a new series called *Beginner*

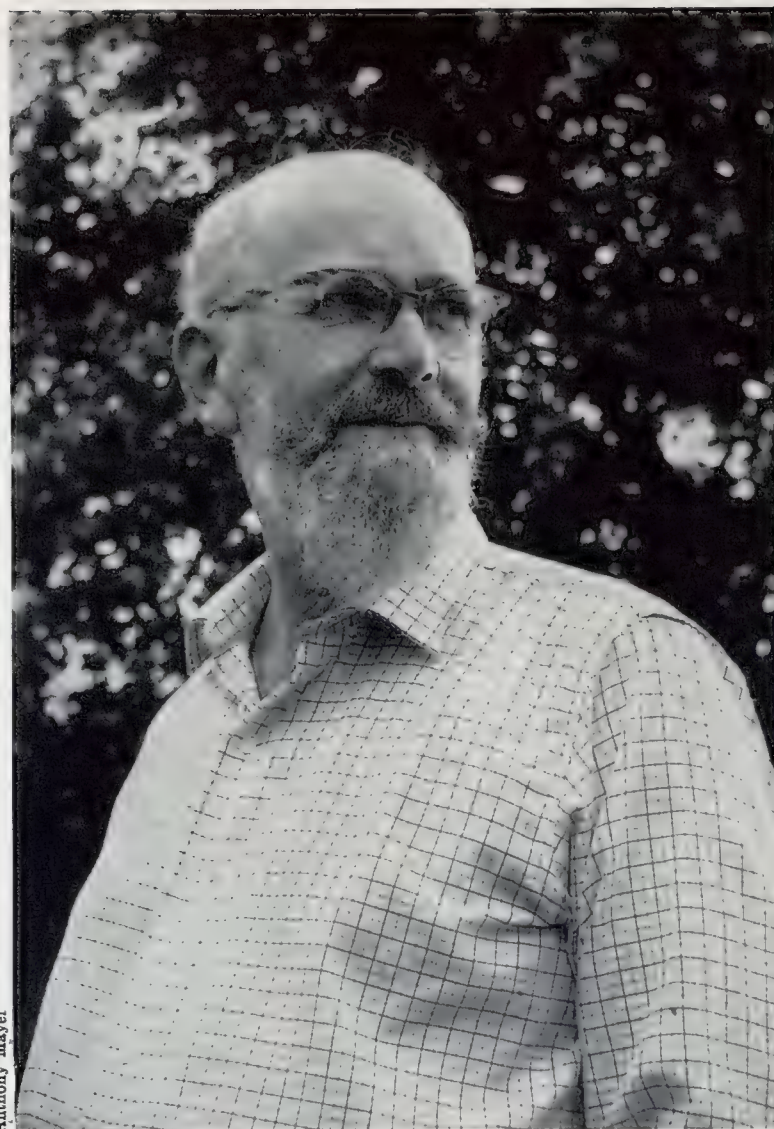


*Books*, based on a limited vocabulary, for learner-readers. There are six of them out, and of the lot I prefer a dotty couple of nonsense-verse books called **The Cat In The Hat** and **The Cat In The Hat Comes Back**, by Dr. Seuss. The whole set is clear and bold and gratifyingly simple to a young reader, but I have a slight resistance to the unfamiliarity of pictures of small boys whose trousers and T-shirts and bristly haircuts are plainly all-American. **St. George And The Dragon**, dashingy illustrated by Diana John, is a particularly nice idea—the text of the old mummers' play, with practical notes for children on how to improvise costumes. There is a Turkish Knight called, in his up-to-date way, Slasher, and an over-confident Dragon with a seven-line speech. People who like to give great big picture-books should look for **The Real Mother Goose**, a jumbo nursery rhyme collection made adorable by a great many illustrations done in 1916 and all of the excellent kind that show a dream-country with faint hints of the 18th century. And **The Golden Treasury Of Poetry** (so what happened to Palgrave?), being originally American, has some pretty solemn notes to introduce the poems ("Looking at a few shrivelled grains, we often forget the magic sealed into the tiniest seed. Muriel Stuart makes us aware of the marvel") which may put off some sardonic and independent spirits. But I think it's a good anthology, and anyway includes *The Highwayman* as every verse anthology for children should.

The best genuine children's novel of the year for me has been John Verney's **February Road**, a further instalment of the lives of the gigantic Callendar family, whose father is an eccentric, outspoken and financially harassed journalist. The plot centres on a new trunk road planned to cut through the Callendars' garden and the country around. Not since the days of the talkative, enterprising children who found the Psammead in the sand-pit have I ever loved a family more. I have an insatiable passion for the strange books of Edith Unnerstad, whose new one **A Journey To England** involves two Swedish children looking for their mother in—how would one guess—the Cotswolds, and a visit to Jenny Lind, old and ill with neuralgia, who sings "Mighty Strength And Valiant Men." I find it almost impossible to explain why these books seem to me so oddly touching, unless it is because the writer is clearly in earnest and deeply sympathetic towards her characters.

**Heroes Of Our Time** is a handy collection of short essays on the lives and objectives of some astonishing figures, including Dolci, Borelli, and the Abbé Pierre. And a good many old favourites have cropped up again in new instalments—Mary Plain, for instance, nicest, bounciest and vainest of talking bears, returns—and how I have missed her—in **Mary Plain, V.I.P.**: travels a bit, visits Worship, dances the Keel Row in a can-can skirt ("Hot stuff! Hot stuff!" shouted the people"—part of the charm of the Mary Plain books being the utterly unexpected and old-world things people frequently say to each other), helps on the farm, is gallant in some floods and behaves in her usual jubilant and bossy manner. **The Borrowers Aloft** is the fourth book in the Borrowers' saga, and recounts their adventures in the model village. After a sunshine beginning, the climate darkens, yet there seems to be a likely and promising future for Arietty. These books contain for me a genuine touch of nightmare and an extraordinary sensibility for happiness that is always poignant because dangerous and brief, and misery that is nearly tangible, and I am still far from sure that they are children's books at all, in spite of a huge number of dedicated child fans.

Hare, Squirrel and Little Grey Rabbit are still living their remote, timeless, limpid life with their rush candles dipped in wax from wild bees' nests, little Fuzzypeg has grown not a day older, and a mild, dewy but somehow appealing new set of adventures is set down in **Grey Rabbit & The Circus**. And lastly, two stocking-books I love: **Tip & Top On The Farm**, the newest in the prettiest and most inventive pop-up series I know, all published at the same astonishing price—some of the earlier fairy stories should be hunted for, especially the riveting one with Snow White in a real cellophane coffin. And **Little Bear's Friend** is a reading book with really bewitching drawings of my current hero, a small, mysteriously Victorian bear with a bold Mittyish fantasy life and the sort of solid, utterly patient mother that talking bears always have, in their fortunate way.



Anthony Mayer

Richard Hughes, whose new novel *The Fox In The Attic*, first volume of a modern trilogy, has recently been published by Chatto & Windus

## RECORDS *Gerald Lascelles*

**Take Five; Brubeck's Best; Tonight Only**, by Dave Brubeck  
**Giants of Small-Band Swing**

**Duke With A Difference**, by Clark Terry

**Looking Ahead**, by Eric Dolphy & Ken McIntyre

### *Milestones to Brubeck*

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF LESS THAN A YEAR, DAVE BRUBECK BRINGS his quartet to Britain again for a 16-day tour, opening in London next Saturday. As if this were not sufficient proof of his popularity here, he also has a Fontana album, **Take Five** (TFE17307), high on the list of best-sellers. But I want to tell you about two other albums by Dave which present a cross-section of his playing during the past few years. **Brubeck's Best** (BBL7498) is a collection of pieces from various sessions dating from 1954-55, when his work was just becoming recognized. I regard it as his dullest period as a pianist, but the work of his close collaborator, altoist Paul Desmond, was already showing considerable individuality. The rhythm lacked the zest imparted to it by the present partnership of bassist Eugene Wright and drummer Joe Morello, who will be heard in the quartet during their forthcoming tour. **Tonight Only** (STFL566) introduces guest star Carmen McRae, and presents an altogether brighter and freer expression of small band music. Brubeck's preoccupation in the field of composition—he is in the throes of writing an opera based on a Gertrude Stein novel—has to some extent been a handicap in his progress through the years. Only recently has his piano style become freer and less stilted, and it still reveals numerous

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VERDICTS *continued*

clichés which stem from academic studies rather than from the free-flowing developments to be found in jazz extemporization.

Small groups have always been a rewarding field of study for the enthusiastic collector, as they often feature musicians whose work is partially submerged in larger bands. Typical examples are the five groups heard on **Giants Of Small-Band Swing** (RLP143). The sessions, recorded in 1946, suffer from the technical shortcomings of most immediate postwar products, but provide the opportunity to hear Dickie Wells's exciting trombone away from the context of Basie, Trummie Young without Lunceford, and so on. They include two amusing but poorly recorded tracks which feature the rarely heard trombone of Sandy Williams, and some exciting tenor playing by Bud Johnson, working then with Earl Hines's big band. If this type of jazz represents the loosely defined end of the swing era, which gave way to mainstream during the '50's, one can equally describe Clark Terry's LP, **Duke With A Difference** (RLP12-246), as a borderline case between mainstream and modern styles. His seven-piece group is drawn entirely from past or present Ellington personnel, and the music is taken from Duke's inexhaustible book. Terry, probably the most underrated trumpeter in jazz today, takes apart several well-known themes, such as "*A*" *Train*, proving as he does so a point that I have never doubted, namely that Ellington music is universal and not specialized in one idiom and limited to one treatment.

An unexpected visitor on the Coltrane tour that I mentioned last week is altoist Eric Dolphy, a relative newcomer, and a hard blower into the bargain. I have just heard him featured with another alto man, Ken McIntyre, on **Looking Ahead** (32-133), which is certainly not as far out on a limb as Ornette Coleman's recent explorations, but still represents an advance on the work of Charlie Parker in the past decade. Dolphy's versatility is shown by his effective use of flute and bass clarinet, and I welcome the chance to hear one of America's newest and most controversial jazz soloists in person at this early stage in his career.

## GALLERIES *Robert Wraight*

Contemporary Portrait Society, Wildenstein's  
Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Royal Academy

### *Even a portrait can be art*

WE ARE ALL AGREED, I EXPECT, THAT PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND today is in a pretty dreary state. Anyone in doubt should visit the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. This year's show will be with us any day now and, unless a major revolution has taken place in the society's ranks unknown to me, it will be just like any other of the past 10 years—competently dull in parts, dully incompetent elsewhere. But while it is easy to deplore the commercialized hackwork that passes for professional portrait painting nowadays, it is not easy to do anything about it. One reason for this is that in the "world of art" portrait painters are no longer thought of as artists. By tacit agreement they are classed with society photographers and allowed to go their own gold-paved way without serious criticism from any quarter. At the top of the profession there is what amounts to a closed shop in which the rate for the job is usually reckoned in four figures. For those on the outside this has for a long time seemed an unhealthy state of affairs, but little has been done about it.

None too soon the Contemporary Portrait Society has been formed with the aim of making the portrait-commissioning public aware that a portrait can be also a work of art, and of persuading them to direct some of their gold to more deserving painters. Yet laudable as these aims are the society's inaugural exhibition will do little, if anything, to advance them. The aims may be clear but, the exhibition suggests, the means by which they are to be achieved has not been given much serious thought. I would go even further and say that the show indicates an extraordinary state of muddle-headedness in the society. On the one hand it includes

venerable "old masters," like Oskar Kokoschka and Augustus John, and on the other surrealist Eileen Agar and Dubuffet-ish "primitive" Ken Turner.

In between come several members of the Royal Academy (Spear, Buhler, Greenham, Dunlop, Weight, Le Bas, Bratby, Dunstan, Gwynne-Jones), two or three of the romanticized-colour-photograph brigade, a dozen good and highly individual artists who cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be classed as portrait-painters, and Messrs. Sutherland and Topolski.

To present such a divided front as a challenge to conventional portraiture is absurd. It is a truism (but none the less true for that) that "a portrait is different from other paintings in that it takes three people, not two, to make it, for besides the artist and the spectator there is the sitter." The Contemporary Portrait Society seems to be split down the middle between those who believe that and those who don't.

Perhaps then, if we are trying to understand what is wrong with "fashionable" portraiture and what can be done to improve it, we would do better to go to the Lawrence exhibition at the Academy than to Wildenstein's. And perhaps there we shall come to the conclusion that the trouble really lies with the sitters! Looking at the 16 great canvases on loan from the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle, one cannot help reflecting that even a Lawrence would find it impossible to make such pictures out of the European sovereigns and heads of state of today. Just imagine trying to give grandeur to Khrushchev and grace to de Gaulle!

There is little in this excellent exhibition to detract from the idea of Lawrence as "the last of the great English portraitists." There are two little landscapes that show that he had none of Gainsborough's talent in that direction, but there are few signs of the slickness and sickly-sweetness that marred much of his later work. And, judging by the number of oil-portraits of rather plain and homely women shown, the charge that he flattered and sentimentalized his female sitters would seem grossly exaggerated.



Malcolm Aird

Ruskin Spear with his portrait of fellow Royal Academician Robert Buhler at the Wildenstein exhibition



Zoe Dominic



Peter Glossop as Rigoletto

## TWO NIGHTS AT THE OPERA

THE OLD FALLACY THAT THE ENGLISH OPERAGOER WILL NOT RESPOND TO full-blooded singing has been exposed again. At Sadler's Wells theatre, the principal singers in the current production of *Rigoletto* are throwing their voices, beltissimo, at the gallery, and getting cheers and applause thrown back. This most intense of Verdi's operas needs this sort of treatment, if the hot passions generated by a story of revenge and curses are not going to be cooled by translation into English, tame acting and a production that only grips in the last act.

Peter Glossop is singing the title part for the first time. His powerful voice is beautifully produced and controlled, but he is at the moment more effective in violent passages of denunciation and invective than in the more lyrical moments. Also, I can never quite see why Rigoletto should be made up to look as though he has just been through a rather nasty fire. His physical deformity is essential to the pathos of his position as a deceived father and court jester, and the Quasimodo back should be enough without a leprous complexion as well.

Both Elizabeth Harwood as Gilda, and Donald Smith as the lascivious Duke, were also singing their roles for the first time, Miss Harwood mak-

ing, in fact, her début at the Wells. It cannot be easy for a young soprano to present herself with the difficult aria *Caro nome* as a visiting card. But Miss Harwood will be asked to call again. Her voice is a tremendous discovery for the Wells; clean, light, agile and with plenty of power. If, on the first night, she sang too self-consciously, this tendency will disappear. Her silvery contribution to the final duet revealed her potential more than the acrobatics of the big aria. Donald Smith was, if anything, more blustery than in *Carmen*; he has the power and the range, but little style; especially for such an aristocratic part. Full marks to Maureen Guy, looking and singing well as the seductive Maddalena. Powell Lloyd's production and sets remain adequate, and James Lockhart conducted with emphasis on speed and noise.

At the Royal Opera House this week there are two final performances of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the home team batting on the international wicket laid by Otto Klemperer earlier this year. Jascha Horenstein conducts and Amy Shuard makes a dramatically inept but vocally promising Leonore.

J. Roger Baker

# MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

*Italy's aim—the dateless car*

AFTER WATCHING THE TIGHTLY PACKED CROWDS SHUFFLING ABOUT IN the great concrete air raid shelter of Earls Court, in what must surely be the world's most dismal setting for a motor show, what a relief it was to get into an E-type Jaguar, point it southwards, and in an incredibly short time take a walk around the sunlit halls of Turin, where cars can be seen and admired, spaced out on the grey marble floors under the delicate tracery of Nervi's roof arches. If I could see only one motor show in the year, this is the one I would choose. The best of the world's cars are on view and there is one great hall devoted entirely to the latest creations of the Italian coachbuilders. No longer are the coachbuilders small specialists employing a few craftsmen. They have become big industrialists. Pininfarina and Ghia have large factories turning out dozens of bodies per day, fully trimmed and finished. Bertone showed me his new factory at Grugliasco, in the country just outside Turin, where 800 workers will soon be turning out 38-40 bodies a day for the Alfa Giulietta, Alfa Romeo 2000, NSU Prinz, BMW 3200 and Lancia Flaminia. I was surprised to see the Lancia body coming off Bertone's production lines, as this crisply elegant saloon was originally designed by Pininfarina. The striking thing is, however, the trouble that has been taken to make the factory building itself beautiful. There is a newly laid out garden before the main entrance and another in the centre of the building itself; a suitable setting in which to design and build beautiful things.

Over in Milan, Messrs. Ponzoni and Anderloni of Carrozzeria Touring have just opened their new factory which also has a capacity of about 35 finished bodies a day. They are going to assemble bodies for the Sunbeam Alpine for the Italian and possibly some other markets. They did the body designs for Aston Martin and Lagonda, and they make bodies for Maserati among other people.

One of the most discussed cars in the show is a delightful little coupé by Bertone bearing an enigmatic name plate with one word only: "Mille". It is said to be the design study for the new small Ferrari, which will have an engine of just under 1,000 c.c.; a high-performance baby which will certainly be the most expensive thing in the 1-litre class. Another design which is much admired is the new Lancia Flavia coupé by Pininfarina. While retaining practically the same grille and headlamps as on the standard model, he has avoided the rather heavy frontal appearance of the standard saloon body, and the interior, with its almost flat floor, speaks eloquently for the advantages of front wheel drive. The curious lozenge car that Pininfarina showed last year is on view again. It has one wheel in the nose, two under the rear seats and one in the tail. But alongside it is a more conventional four-wheeler designed to take advantage of the same efficient streamlining. It should be able to cruise fast on a very low fuel consumption, but I don't think it will start a new fashion.

With the exception of these two experimental projects, Italian fashions are now fairly conservative. The aim is to produce elegant but practical cars which will not date quickly. In this they are succeeding admirably. The most popular of all the Alfa Giulietta models, apart from the TI saloon, is the original Super Sprint coupé by Bertone which was designed nine years ago. There is a lesson here for manufacturers who cannot leave well alone, but must go on making pointless changes year after year. Very few designs are ever improved by a "face lift" and the London show displayed some awful warnings showing how easy it is to wreck a good design with a few ill-considered changes. Oddly enough, the Mark X Jaguar, which attracted so much attention at the London show, stands almost unnoticed in Turin, while the sport-loving Italians gather round the E-type. Nevertheless one of the leading Italian designers told me he regarded the Mark X as the best looking production model in Turin.

An interesting feature of the interior trim on the new Italian cars is the widespread adoption of the newest soft and flexible plastic materials that are challenging leather on even the most expensive models. Gaudy effects with multi-coloured cloths and metallic threads are rare. Colours

are sober and instruments are legible. Incidentally, it is interesting to see the change that has come over the BMW 1500 in a few short weeks. At Frankfurt its lines, evolved by Michelotti, were much admired, but there was some surprise at the gaudy interior treatment which seemed to draw its inspiration from the juke box and the piano accordion. All that has been swept away and the interior of the car shown in Turin has been re-done in impeccable taste.

I shall not attempt to nominate the ugliest car in the show, though there were several strong contestants for the title. I merely record that the stand where the 1962 Plymouth, Dodge and Chrysler models were displayed was being referred to by the Italians as 'The Elephants' Cemetery'.



*Design study for small streamlined saloon with rear engine by Pininfarina*



*5-litre Maserati coupé by Ghia, built to the order of one of the Innocenti family*

*Pininfarina Cadillac named Jacqueline, after the U.S. President's wife*





*Bolitho and oysters*

# HOMAGE TO 10,000 OYSTERS

by Hector Bolitho

THE INVITATION MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY Sergius Orata, in 95 B.C. It read, "Please come to the feast: there will be 10,000 oysters; also mussels and lobsters, from five countries, with 200 guests to enjoy them." I almost expected to read a postscript, "You must make the journey if only to see my new vomitorium. It is the talk of Lacus Lucrinus."

But no! The invitation was from Zürich, for October 1961—from my friend Caspar Manz; and the feast was to be in the Hotel St. Gotthard. Aircraft were to bring the oysters from as far as Western Ireland—from splendid Galway—and the 200 pilgrims were to come from all over Europe, and even from Peru. And there was the added enticement that there were to be no speeches.

I began my own plans for the journey under a spell: I sat on the Sussex coast by Shoreham and watched the swans going to sleep, and, on the far shore, hundreds of barrels of wine. Shoreham is an ancient harbour: the Romans landed there; the Normans unloaded their wine there; and Charles II sailed from the coast nearby when he went into exile. Yes, this was the place to begin the pilgrimage to the oyster feast in Zürich.

All went well at the beginning. The owner of a small cargo boat was willing to take me across the Channel, from Shoreham, and as far as Rouen. But when I saw the little ship of 500 tons coping with a wave, like a pony trying to jump a five-bar gate, and when the agent told me to bring a plastic cup because china ones were always broken during the voyage, my valour dimmed. So I went correctly along the coast to Newhaven and crossed to Dieppe. But I was rewarded for my cowardice.

I had been given a book, *Pigtails and Pernod*, written by Miss Simona Pakenham and recently published in England. It describes her childhood journeys across the Channel and life in Dieppe between the wars, when there was a big English colony in the French port, enjoying the last shred of elegance that must have been delightful; when, as she tells us, "English milords lost their fortunes in the baccarat rooms and went out and shot themselves among the begonia beds."

I read about 100 pages of the book while crossing the Channel and was so entranced that I decided to spend two days in Dieppe and finish the story where it was planted. The little town that we English now dismiss with a wave of our passports came alive for me. I explored its streets and came to understand why Orpen, Sickert, Duncan Grant and Edward Le Bas went there from England to paint. I drank my last glass of Dubonnet in the Place du "Pul's Salé," which Sickert painted and which is the frontispiece to Miss Pakenham's book. Then I set out for Rouen in a local bus, through the melancholy landscape of Normandy, where so

many wars have been fought and where there are so many clumps of ugly tombstones that even the living seem to walk in expectation of death. On and off the bus, all the way, stepped old cramped women in black, and children without fun in their eyes.

I was pleased when I arrived at the hotel in Rouen to hear an American voice that broke the historical gloom; a woman who said to her friend, "Well, I've been sitting here for half an hour, reading all about Joan of Arc. It is just terrible what she went through."

Two hours later—Paris. I ate humbly; a sensible, hot, wet omelette at a table on the pavement, but marred when a chatterbox at the next table said, "That apartment jutting out! That belongs to Brigitte Bardot." I, who can remember seeing Mary Pickford with a shopping basket in Lexington Avenue, did not even look up. Instead, I walked, with a nostalgic swing, down the Boulevard Raspail, to find *La Dôme* and *La Rotonde*.

Thirty-eight years slipped through my fingers, like globules of mercury. I was young again! Paris in 1923! It seemed that nothing had changed. The long, wide street; the last leaves falling through the night, and the little parlour windows between the shops, with the old, prim French women at their desks, adding up. Always adding up. And *La Rotonde* was there, although half of it had been turned into a cinema. And, at a glance, *La Dôme* was the same. An escape into shining brass, too many lights, and very young wine.

I went in and sat down. But it was not the same. Utrillo was not sitting at the table where I saw him almost 40 years ago; nor Kiki, whom he painted so often—Kiki, with the green eyes and 10 emeralds about her neck, in memory of the Commandments she had forsaken so long ago. I had danced with her as the old year gasped and died in the darkness over Paris. The tall sculptor! He also had gone, along with his remark that I shall never forget. Just before midnight he had leaned over to us and said, "I saw Ezra Pound this afternoon. He is upstairs with a block of ice on his chest."

All were gone. In Utrillo's place sat an old Australian who complained because the wine was thin. In Kiki's place sprawled a girl with a face like an uncooked loaf of white bread, with two prunes stuck in for eyes. I fled back along the Boulevard Raspail to my hotel, and next morning I set out for the feast that was being prepared in Zürich.

Caspar Manz and his wife were waiting for me in the Hotel St. Gotthard. The ritual of preparation and many tastings began immediately. I realized that to the Swiss their kitchen is their temple, and that in offering *fruits de mer* to their stomachs they are offering them to the gods. Before the tasting, we went into the bar: then to the *bouquets* and *crevettes grises*,

sweet prawns and shrimps brought by train from France. Caspar Manz frowned: he said, "The wagon was too warm; we must have some others brought quickly, by air." I told him of the Romans who carried their oysters from Kent in England, to Rome, overland, packed in sacks of snow. Then I said, "You know that they kept them in deep freezes until they wished to eat them. This was 2,000 years ago, when the Romans were staying with us."

It was then that I looked up and saw, for the first time, the aquarium set in the wall of the restaurant. In the big glass frame was a Salvador Dali scene of rocks and shells, and pretty spurts of bubbles. Slowly a beast moved through the tranquil water; a fabulous lobster with a Bronze Age look about him. Caspar Manz whispered, "That is 'The Killer'."

I looked closer, at the biggest and most frightening lobster I have ever seen. But also the most beautiful. The upper feelers were orange-coloured; his antennae and little claws were dappled with turquoise; also his major claws that looked strong enough to break your wrists. "The Killer" paced the length of the aquarium splendidly as Caspar Manz said, "He comes from Eastern Ireland. He has been here six months and in that time he has slain two Danish lobsters and two Irish ones. That is why we call him 'The Killer,' and why he must live alone." I sat beneath the aquarium for every lunch and dinner after that. When I held out one hand, taut as a claw, and extended it towards "The Killer," he assumed a brutish look and raised his terrible pincers to strike. We understood each other perfectly, and realized that there was a future, however dark, in our meeting.

Next afternoon, on the hottest day that Zürich could brew, five of us sat down, at five o'clock, to test the cooking of an 18-year-old student chef. He had been left all alone in the kitchen since two o'clock, to prepare a dinner that would have satisfied Goliath. The judges were Caspar Manz, his pretty wife, the head chef, and the retired head chef. I sat with them, ate the five courses and mopped my brow. At the end the boy was brought in and he sat down at the table of judgment. He was just a blue-eyed choir boy, so undeveloped emotionally that one would not expect him to do more than boil an egg. As I told the retired head chef, and he agreed, a man must be unhappily married and have just quarrelled with his wife before he can make a real soufflé. The judges criticized the boy: the *consommé Julienne* had been too salty; the *sole bonne femme* too dry, and the *beignets de pommes* lacked distinction. But he would be a good chef in a year or two.

The boy looked sad; then a glance of challenge came into his eyes. I saw that he was staring at "The Killer." The lobster looked at the boy and raised one benign claw. He seemed to say,

"I am on the side of the oppressed in this world. Take courage! I also walk alone!"

The boy went, and an hour later I sat down to my real dinner.

Next day, the heavens above Zürich were alive with aircraft; at least it seemed so as the oysters arrived from Denmark, Holland, France, Colchester and Galway; also clams, mussels and prawns from France, and lobsters from Ireland and Norway. It was a miracle: the skies rained down what came from the sea. "The Killer" looked on, tapping his claws against the glass. On the evening of the feast he retired behind one of the Salvador Dali rocks, dug himself into the sand, and would have none of us.

The 200 guests sat at the white tables and, for almost four hours, I was one of them. Breughel might have painted the incredible scene: to support the oysters, clams, mussels and lobsters, was cheese from four countries, and a choice of seven wines. All threaded by wild conversation in which everyone talked and no one listened. I watched Caspar Manz who had organized this fantastic feast. My neighbour agreed that he had done something the diplomats and politicians could never do: he had brought together in Zürich the representatives of a score of countries, entirely in a state of harmony . . . the harmony of good food and wine, unspoiled by speeches. And it was on this note that I had to rise and leave the company, to go to the train, Calais and England. Suddenly, as I was saying goodbye, I glanced at "The Killer." He had come out from his sheltering rock and was standing, watching the feast, with the certainty of a captain at the prow of his ship. What was the secret of his belligerence?

I had 20 minutes in hand when an idea slowly crept into my weary head. Those Danish and Irish lobsters he had killed! Were they . . . ?

I asked Caspar Manz and he answered, "They were gentleman lobsters."

The minutes were passing. I asked him, "Couldn't you bring a lady lobster from the tank downstairs? Quickly, before I leave?"

A waiter hurried down and I grabbed a photographer. A female Irish lobster was brought and we stood before the aquarium. The waiter lifted the top and lowered the Irish colleen into the water. She drifted down, with grace. By coincidence, I was drinking a glass of black velvet as my farewell tippie. Was it not a symbol of the harmony I was watching. The Irish colleen seemed to pause. Then "The Killer" came forward and opened his tremendous claws to embrace her. A photograph proves that I am not exaggerating this touching, last scene in the feast at Zurich. The two lobsters rested on the sand, locked affectionately in each other's arms; and I, with the sensation that I was one of the great diplomats of the world, jumped into the car and went to my train.

© Hector Bolitho, 1961





# WANTED!

Last seen late one heavy October afternoon, just as the tea-takers were sipping in Fortnum's, just as the early Christmas shoppers were browsing in Burlington Arcade and just as the last Americans were stocking up on crocodile and diamonds behind the glittery shop fronts; a girl gliding into a W.I diamond parlour. She admired an Edwardian bandeau worked in a sparkling leafy pattern. "The bandeau is stunning," she said, "but a tiara might be nicer." The assistant turned to the safe, the girl pussy-footed softly into the October dim. She turned left into Burlington Street, she darted through the taxi stream in Bond Street and made straight for the shiny black and white plated glass shop front which was called simply: Vidal Sassoon. She smiled and went in. The girl had her down as Lindy Peacock. Vidal Sassoon himself twirled scissors and applied rollers to her hair. She took tea under the drier. When the rollers were out and the brushing out begun, she fished in her bag and produced the bandeau. "I'd like it like so," she said, planting it firmly on her head. "With the hair sort of smoothly growing out of the top." He understood at once and brushed

and smoothed and combed it into his exotic Saluki style. "That's super," she said, "is there somewhere I can change into a dress?" She was very careful as she eased through the cloakroom window not to disturb her glossy, swish hair.

The Edwardian diamond bandeau costs £2,000 from Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade. The Saluki cut comes from Vidal Sassoon, New Bond Street, and would cost around 2 gns.

**WANTED:** A gentle persuasive pink to warm up chilly lips.

**FOUND:** Lancôme's new Rose Persan—glossy in the lipstick, slightly pearly in the frosted nail enamel. Lancôme have sensibly introduced a linked chain which comes into action when the bottle is shaken and the formula is just right. Not too pearly or streaky.

**WANTED:** a scented lotion that helps the dry patches like elbows, heels, hands.

**FOUND:** The non-sticky Hand & Body Lotion by Lancôme which smells of cologne and disappears into the skin.

Good Looks by Elizabeth Williamson

Photograph by Barry Warner

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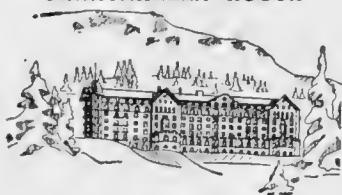
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## DINING IN

*Helen Burke*

### *St. David's vegetable*

SOON WE SHALL BEGIN TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE DULLNESS OF OUR winter vegetables, while having quite an interesting lot on which to draw. I am thinking mainly of leeks, celery, celeriac, fennel, and chicory or endive, or whatever you like to call that blanched cigar-shaped vegetable much of which comes to us from Belgium. Endive will be with us all through the winter until well into the spring. Leeks just now are good and not too large. LEEK & POTATO SOUP can be one of the best of all winter warmers-up. For it, use only the white parts of the leeks. Here is the recipe: Cut the white parts off 4 to 5 leeks, then quarter them lengthwise, wash well and cut into fine strips. Chop an onion. Gently simmer both in an ounce of butter in a covered pan until they are translucent but not coloured. Add 4 medium-sized potatoes cut into fine dice, and cook them very slowly for a few minutes, then add a pint of hot water, or, better still, chicken stock, and salt to taste. Bring to the boil and simmer, covered, for 30 to 35 minutes, by which time the potatoes and leeks should be soft. Work them through a fine sieve or make a smooth purée of them in an electric blender. Return to the pan, add 1 to 1½ pints of milk, taste and season further. Pepper is not necessary in this soup because of the delicate flavour of the leeks themselves. Heat through. Add at the last minute ½ oz. butter and, if you like, an egg yolk beaten with 2 to 3 tablespoons of rich cream, but do not allow the soup to boil again. This is enough for 5 to 6 people.

A friend has just created a new leek dish. It makes a pleasant light course and is a good way of using up the ends of a piece of boiled bacon. For 4 servings, well clean the white parts of 8 good-sized leeks and boil them barely covered with salted boiling water. Drain them, keeping the water. With ¼ pint of it and ¼ pint of top milk, make a Béchamel sauce, flavouring it with grated nutmeg. Finely chop 4 to 6 oz. of lean boiled bacon and scatter the pieces on the bottom of a buttered baking-dish. Cut the leeks into 1 to 1½-inch lengths and place them on the bacon. Cover with the sauce. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons of grated Parmesan and Gruyère, mixed, and slip under the grill to colour and "bubble."

For more years than I care to remember, I have made the following TRIPE À LA ROMAINE from a recipe given to me by Cerutti, at that time the chef of the old Romano's in the Strand when it was still a wonderful place for good food. For 4 to 5 servings, melt 2 oz. butter in a saucepan. In it, cook 2 chopped large Spanish onions, a sliced head of celery and the white parts of 3 cleaned leeks, cut into 1-inch pieces, shaking the pan so that they all become a pale gold. Cut 1½ to 2 lb. dressed tripe into thin slices, wash them and add them to the vegetables. Cover and cook all for 10 minutes. Add 4 to 6 chopped, skinned and de-seeded tomatoes, 4 tablespoons of dry white wine and seasoning to taste, including a little grated nutmeg. Cover and cook very slowly for up to a further hour. Turn the mixture into a shallow oven-dish, sprinkle with 2 to 3 tablespoons of mixed grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese and brown under the grill as above. Serve at once.

The inner green of the leeks, cut into slender strips, can go into the making of a pleasant VEGETABLE SOUP. Start with an ounce of butter. Add the leek green, a chopped onion, 1 to 2 finely diced carrots and half a small parsnip, also diced. Simmer to soften the vegetables without colouring them. Dice and add 2 potatoes, then work in a dessertspoon of tubed tomato purée and, if liked, a clove of garlic crushed with some salt. Add enough water for 4 servings (up to 2 pints), cover and cook for 20 minutes. If you have them, cut 3 to 4 very small and firm Brussels sprouts into paper-thin slices and add them. Taste and season. Finally, add a handful of crushed fine spaghetti and, when it is cooked, sprinkle with chopped parsley. A rather thick soup but a most savoury one.

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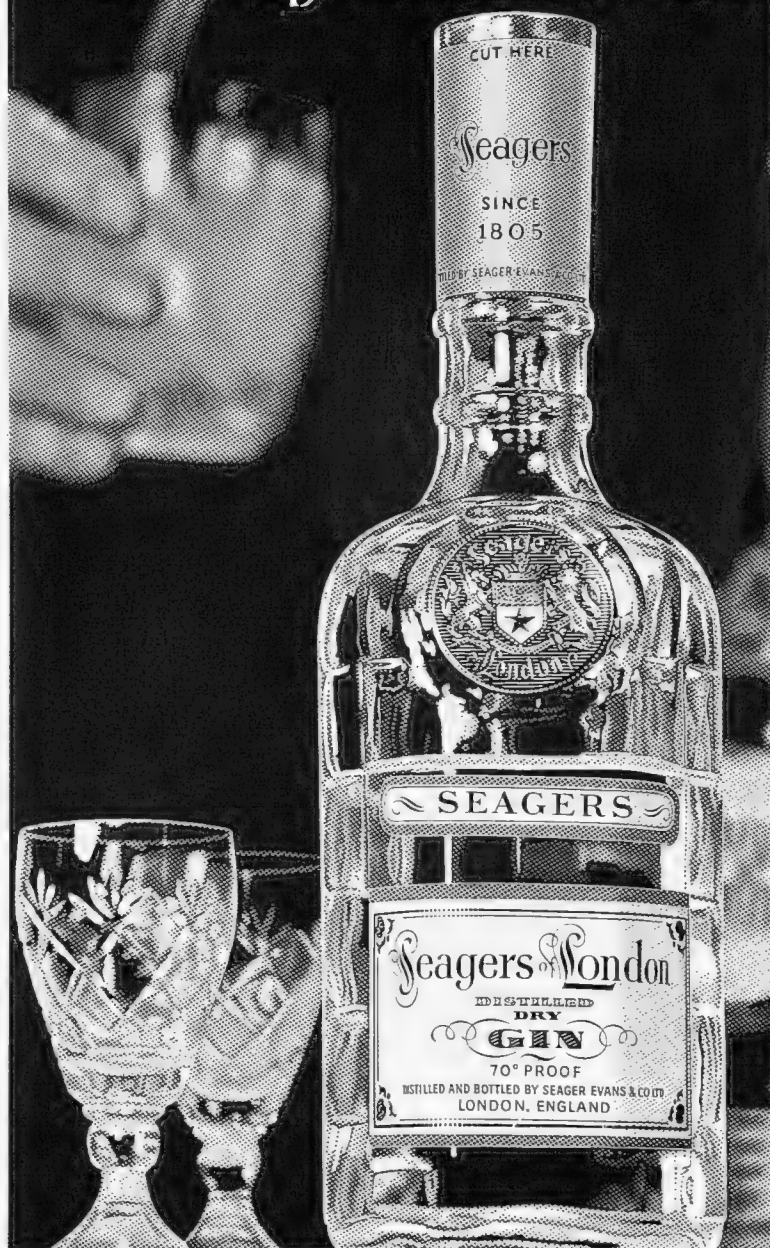
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## ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

*Preparing for the winter*

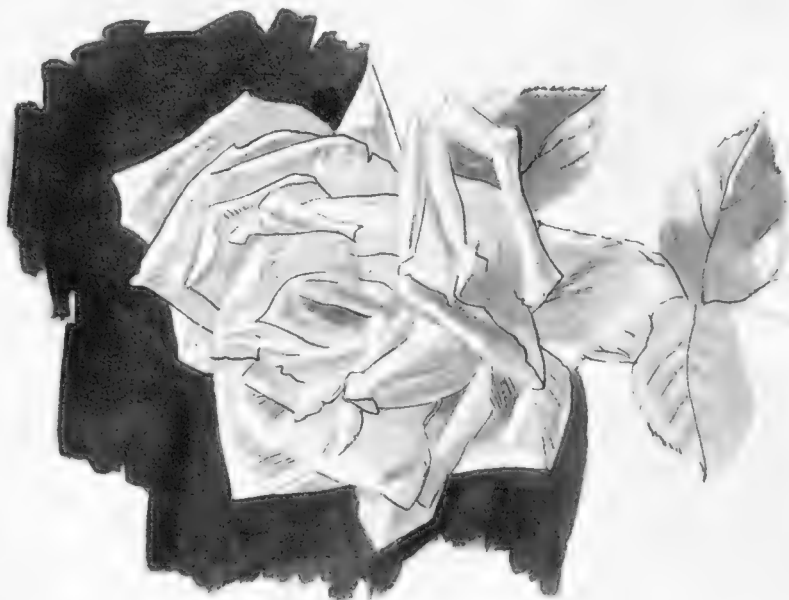
I ADMIT HAVING A CERTAIN RESERVE TOWARDS ROSE GROWERS' calendars—what to do in this or that month and so on; things rarely work out so tidily. (I have, however, a partiality for those in the Victorian gardening books in my collection with such stupendous phrases as: "The Head Gardener must see that the pineapple house is shaded this month" or "A few choice stove plants may now be brought into the conservatory for the amusement of invalids" . . . Those were the days.) Still, there is no doubt about it, November is the ideal month for planting new roses, and for putting established ones to bed for the winter.

To take the last item first. The first task is to shorten over-long shoots, and see that stakes are in good shape, replacing all worn ties, not too tightly. Next, cut off all dead flowers and seed pods and any leaves affected with blackspot; this material should be burned as it harbours diseases and pests. After this, make sure that all rose bushes are firmly in the ground and well trodden in; open pockets at the base of the rose become reservoirs for ice-cold water. So tread firmly in. After this treatment, the rose beds are ready for forking over. Take care to avoid the roots. There is no harm in forking in a little bone meal or basic slag. Manure is right out at this season—it is damp and cold throughout the winter; roses, like all other sensible creatures, like to avoid a heavy meal at bedtime. But by all means lime the ground. If you do so, reserve the basic slag for the spring, along with the manure. There is a good proprietary brand to be obtained—*Limax*—which assists in destroying pests. Lime should be lightly raked in. Having got so far, the rose beds are now ready to face the winter with equanimity. Spray them if mildew and blackspot have been present.

November is the best month for planting new roses, because the soil still retains some warmth. Planting can be done right up to March, except during wet weather when the soil is too heavy to work, or during frost. Assuming the beds have been prepared, make sure all the labels

are intact, and cleanly cut off any faded blooms, hips or damaged wood. I let my roses soak in water for some hours before planting.

I need hardly remind you that rose beds should be carefully thought out before the planting holes are dug. Some varieties, e.g. *Peace*, the *Dicksons*, *Snow Queen* and so on, need more room to expand. Plant up to the soil mark. The hole should be made wide enough to spread out the roots to their fullest extent; this is a job that cannot be done in a hurry. The holes should be filled up with sifted soil and then the roses should be well trampled in and rammed home. If the weather has been dry, water well, re-firm and give a final fork over.



*Snow Queen*

## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

*Breakfast at Hermès*

I WON THE FIRST DIVIDEND ON THE FOOTBALL POOLS TWO WEEKS AGO: it was the Sunday night before I heard what the dividend was likely to be—£2—and by that time I had been down to Jermyn Street, pressed my nose against the window of Hermès and spent roughly 500 times that amount. Only in the mind, fortunately. I have recovered from my disappointment now, and I suppose thousands of other winners have as well. But going to Hermès after any sort of success at gambling has become almost a reflex action for me. Wins at roulette at Cannes have sent me hotfoot to Hermès to spend my francs on their *Exclusivités*.

I haven't been to Biarritz or Lille, where there are branches of this completely French phenomenon, and I don't gamble in Paris—money goes quite quickly enough there, without any help—but I have spent quite a lot of time, and a little money, at the main shop at 24 Faubourg Saint-Honoré, in Paris. Hermès exudes luxury and elegance—it's typified in their wrappings, which are the colour and texture of pigskin, and their ribbon, dark brown with a white design of a carriage and groom. Everything they sell is exclusive to them—I bought an anodized Flaminia lighter from them once; it was exactly the same lighter as the ones I saw in London, except for a discreet inlay of the Hermès trademark. For two years now Hermès have had a London branch, elegant terminal to the Piccadilly Arcade, itself one of the most elegant features of London, with its tiny balconies and pendant lanterns. Hermès windows only give a fleeting idea of what is inside, and the ground floor showroom is too small to do more than display ties, belts and a case of small leather goods. But the stairs, decorated with coloured engravings of the Spanish riding school in Vienna (not for sale)

lead to what must be the most comfortable showroom in London.

A third of their stock would be coveted by any man. Money loses its meaning in this room; nearly everything is expensive, but at the same time everything is elegant, in the best of taste, and beautifully made. I suppose their men's toilet waters are the cheapest purchase—and they are a pleasantly lasting reminder of the shop. *Eau de Cologne* is 48s.—in its smallest size; *Eau d'Hermès*, a fresh, lemony toilet water, starts at 62s. and goes up to 10 guineas for a 16-oz. thick glass bottle, suède-bowed at its neck. A foulard tie is 48s. too, and one in woven silk, 3 guineas. These ties are in excellent taste. Some have matching handkerchiefs, and there are some excellent silk scarves, lined for added warmth with cashmere for 8 guineas. Belts start at around 14 guineas for calf, handsomely buckled. There are all sorts of accessories for smokers; a special duPont gas lighter, 15 guineas in silver, £21 in gold plate; 10- or 20-cigarette cases in crocodile or calf; cigar cases, cigar cutters—even chunky ashtrays in a variety of designs for 7 gns.

Travellers are well looked after too; passport cases (8 gns. or 12 gns. fitted with pockets); the Guide Michelin in a leather folder (10 gns.); map cases, attaché cases, brief cases, wet-packs, suit-cases. A fitted dressing case in crocodile, with silver-plated bottles and ivory-backed brushes costs 380 guineas. And there is a wonderful car rug, in the softest kind of leather, lined with wool and with two pockets for cold hands—£85. Anything sold in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré can be ordered here, from racing colours and saddlery, gun cases and backgammon sets, to pipes and watches (by the finest makers) or a *Couteau d'Equitation* with a thing for getting horses' hooves out of stones.



## The one and only Dry Sack señor, from España!



Dry Sack... the produce of Spain's finest vineyards; a medium-dry sherry that will please you. A magnificent sherry, señor; matured in Williams & Humbert's Bodegas at Jerez-de-la-Frontera in Southern Spain. It has been famous for over fifty years. Another glass? Of course, señor! I knew you'd find Dry Sack irresistible.

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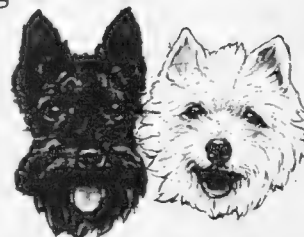


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**Mills—Alquist:** Juliet, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Mills, of Cowden, near Edenbridge, Kent, was married to American actor Russell Alquist, at the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Cowden, Kent

**Edwards—Hogge:** Diana Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. V. Edwards, of Kensington Court, W.8, was married to Col. Anthony Hogge, of Kensington Close, W.8, at St. Dunstan-in-the-West

**Sebag-Montefiore—Gestetner:** Alice, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. O. Sebag-Montefiore, was married to David, son of the late Mr. S. Gestetner and Mrs. Gestetner, at the Spanish & Portuguese Synagogue



A. V. Swaabe

**Brodrick—Redmayne:** Maxine, daughter of Captain & Mrs. George Brodrick, of Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent, was married to Richard, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Redmayne, of Saffron Walden, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



Tom Hustler



**Miss Danae Brook to Mr. John Michael Finlay Best.** She is the daughter of Capt. G. R. C. Brook, & of Mrs. Harwood of Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Best, of Trinity, Jersey

Vandyk



**Miss Anne Morgan to Mr. Hubert John Watkins.** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Morgan, of Maelog, Rhayader, Radnorshire. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mr. H. B. Watkins, of Knighton, Radnor

# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

## Mr. P. J. Beck and Miss D. M. Whitworth-Jones

The engagement is announced between Peter John, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beck, of Silwood Cottage, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berkshire, and Diana Mary, only daughter of Mr. H. L. Whitworth-Jones and Mrs. D. H. R. Martin, of 29 Palace Gate, W.8.

## Mr. R. A. E. Hickson and Miss P. J. Boddy

The engagement is announced between Robert Anthony Einem, son of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Hickson, late The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Mrs. Hickson, of White Lodge, Dalwood, Axminster, and Prudence Jane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boddy, of 78 Putnoe Lane, Bedford.

## Mr. E. J. Dyson and Miss M. F. T. Barnes

The engagement is announced between Edward John, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dyson, of 15 Marine Crescent, Great Yarmouth, and Margaret, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Barnes, of Little Lawford Hall, Rugby.

## Mr. P. A. Billinge and Miss P. M. Russell

The engagement is announced between Paul Alistair Billinge, R.A.F., son of the late Rev. J. Billinge, and of Mrs. Billinge, of Farndon, Newark, and Patricia Murray, elder daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Russell, and of Mrs. William Wilson and stepdaughter of Mr. William Wilson, of Hilton House, Cupar, Fife.

## Mr. D. J. Livermore and Miss G. E. Porter

The engagement is announced between David John, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. R. Livermore, of Harrow, Middlesex, and Georgina Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Porter, of Carmarthen, South Wales.

## Mr. R. A. S. Getley and Miss A. S. Hellings

The engagement is announced between Robert Archibald Simon Getley, son of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. A. C. Getley, of Long Crendon, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, and Ann Searle Hellings, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hellings, of the Old Rectory, Cuddington, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

## Mr. A. L. Hawton and Miss R. A. Geering

The engagement is announced between Alan Leslie, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hawton, of Brookmans Park, Hertfordshire, and Rosalind Anne, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Geering, of Wickham Barn, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

## Mr. R. J. D. Anderson-Morshead and Miss S. E. N. Davies

The engagement is announced between Rupert, son of Lieutenant-Commander D. J. Anderson-Morshead, R.N. (retd.), and of Mrs. Leonard H. Norman, of Whiteriggs, Haslemere, Surrey, and Susan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil R. Davies, of Paices, Mortimer, Berkshire.

## Mr. R. N. Hector and Miss P. Halfpenny

The engagement is announced between Robert Neil, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hector, of Fox Farm, Etchingham, Sussex, and Priscilla, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Halfpenny, of The Staplers, Penenden Heath, Maidstone.

## Mr. R. H. Partridge and Miss P. G. Lang

The engagement is announced between Roger, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Partridge, 58 Southway, London, N.W.11, and Gail, daughter of the late Flying Officer H. Ian Lang, and Mrs. Eckhard and stepdaughter of Mr. B. N. Eckhard, Windrush, Great Glen, Leicester.


## Mr. R. E. Hardman and Miss D. Hodgkinson

The engagement is announced between Richard Ernest, son of the late Mr. H. W. Hardman, of Marcroft, Waterfoot, Rossendale, Lancashire, and Mrs. E. M. Hardman, of Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, and Dinah, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Hodgkinson, of Worboys, Grayshott, Hindhead, Surrey.


## Capt. M. H. Willey and Miss G. J. W. Crowe

The engagement is announced between Capt. Maurice Hubert Willey, Royal Signals, son of the late Mr. H. J. Willey and of Mrs. Willey, of 78 Ellerdine Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, and Georgina (Joy), only daughter of the late Mr. G. E. Wilson Crowe and of Mrs. Wilson Crowe, of Grey Timbers, Coombe Park, Kingston Hill.


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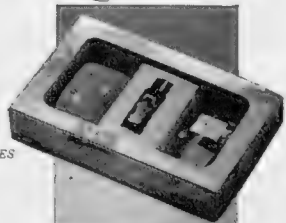
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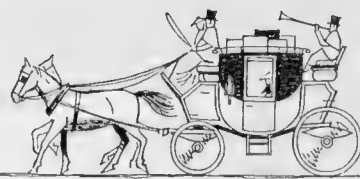
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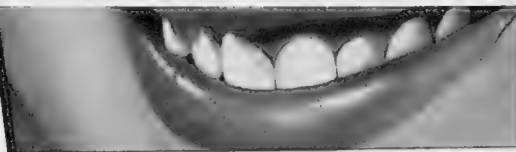
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